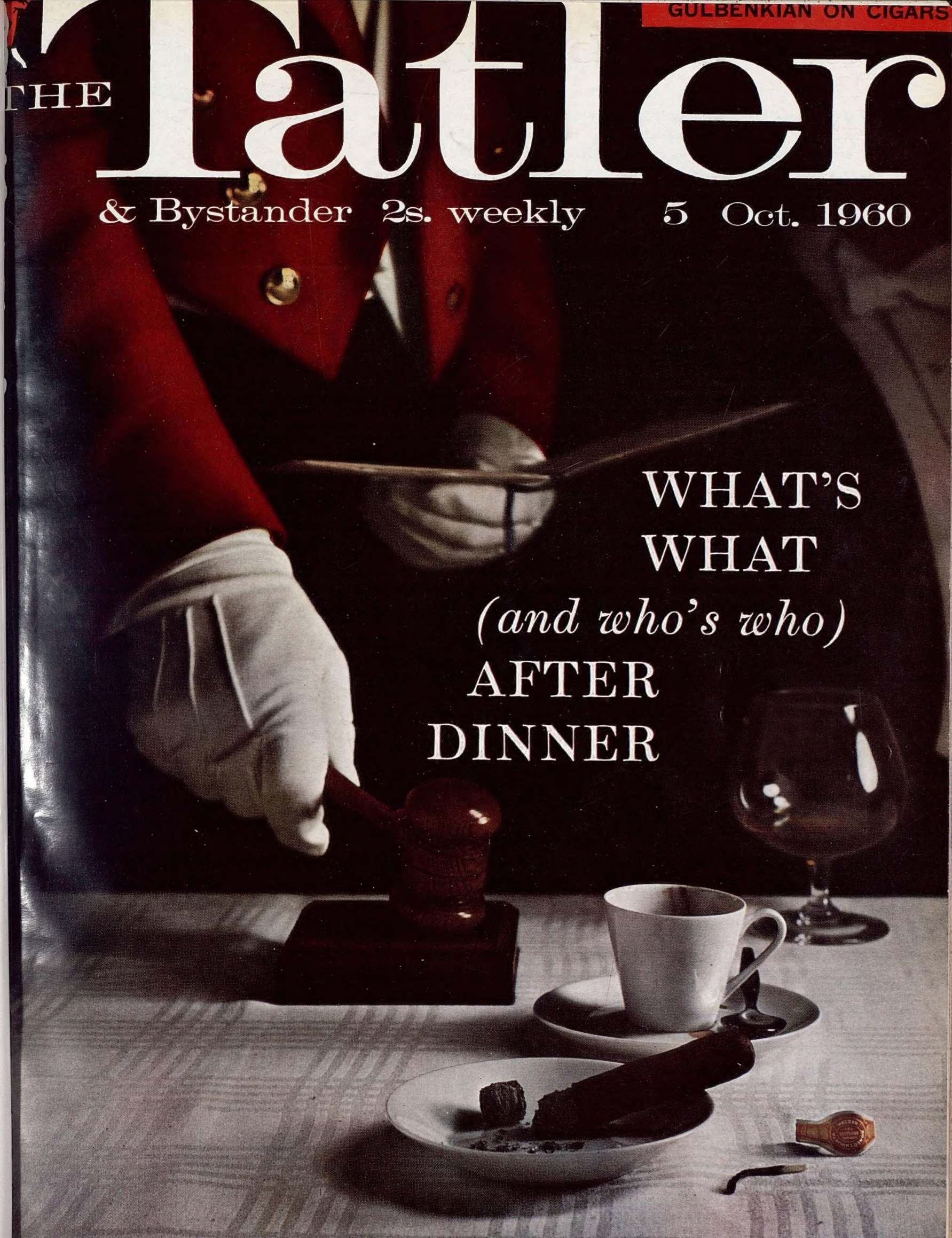


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THE Tatler

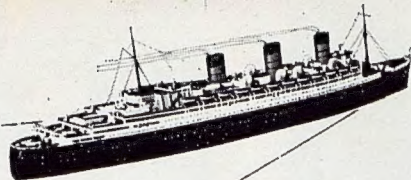
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(and who's who)
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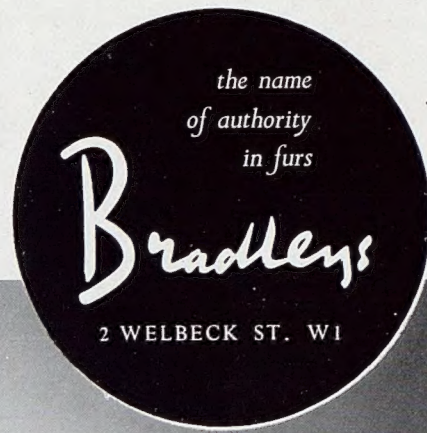
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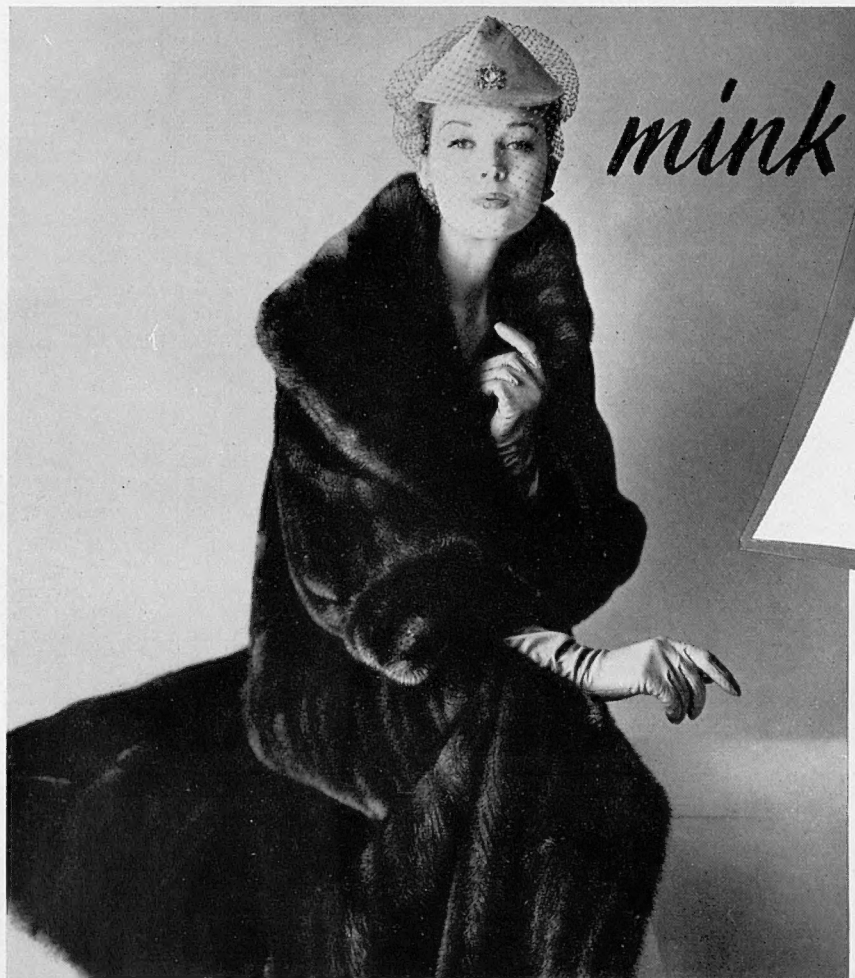
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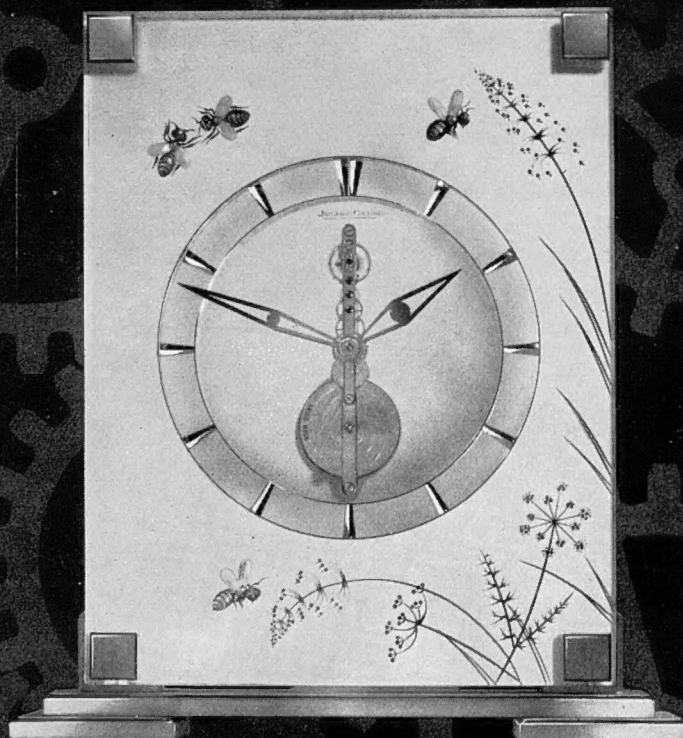
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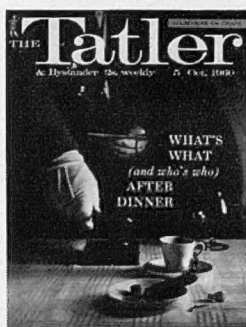
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ON BEHALF OF THOSE WHO SUFFER



Pray silence for Mr. Monja Danischewsky, self-dubbed "frustrated writer," who works off some of his frustration beginning on page 15. For other ingredients of "What's what and who's who after dinner" see alongside. Cover photograph by HELEN CRAIG. Credits: Cigar from Harrods (*Romeo y Julieta*), brandy glass, cup, spoon and ashtray from Woollands; toast-master from Toastmasters & M.C.s Inc., 6 Gladstone House, High Road, N.22

CONSIDERING how diners-out spend as much time at table after the meal as during it, you would think some hostesses would do something about their coffee and some public men would do something about their speeches. In support of this good cause, this week's issue presents some coffee-makers and some after-dinner speakers who can all safely be taken as models. To accompany the photographs of *Who's who after dinner* (page 15 onwards), Monja Danischewsky has written an article which he describes as a "guide to the prevention of the lapidification of other guests." He is well qualified to do so, being one of the most amusing speakers of the day, just as he is also the producer of some of the most amusing films. In charge of the coffee is Ilse Gray, who has called on several coffee-proud personalities to outline their methods, and Minette Shepard adds an illustrated guide to the best current equipment. This section is called *Coffee and cigars* (page 33 onwards) and the cigar side is taken care of by no less than Mr. Nubar Gulbenkian, who smokes 1,000 a year. He imparts some of the expertise thus acquired to Richard Viner (page 35).

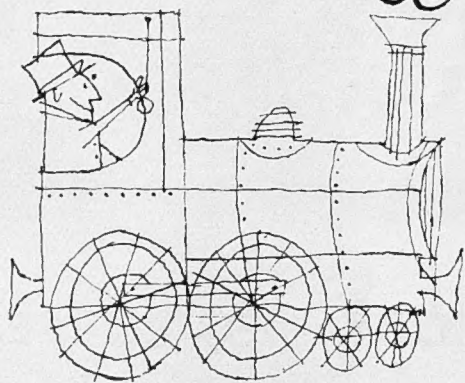
As for the actual eating, that could hardly be ignored altogether, so Helen Burke seasonally discusses *Game for dinner* (page 37), and Pamela Vandyke-Price distils her encyclopaedic knowledge of wine into a handy exposure of popular misconceptions. See *Wine wise* (page 30). This sort of thing is contagious, so nobody should be surprised to find that the fashion pages are full of pictures of the vendange in Champagne (*Pick of the crop in Jersey*, page 38 onwards).

At this stage it's tempting to make a pun about Scone, but actually the pictures were taken at the palace (page 24) because the Countess of Mansfield was running a charity dress show there. Other social occasions: Biarritz's tercentenary, for which the Comte de Paris was guest of honour (for the reason why, turn to page 28), and a celebration at the Mexican Embassy (page 20)

Next week: After the toast-master, the Taste Masters. . . .

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SIRIOL CLARRY



GOING PLACES

SOCIAL

Horse of the Year Show, at Wembley, until Saturday.

Grand Ball, 7 October, Eastnor Castle, Ledbury, Herefordshire, in aid of Church of England Children's Society. Tickets from Luke Tilley & Son, 16 & 17 High Street, Ledbury.

Cesarewitch, Newmarket, 12 October.

International Motor Show, Earls Court, 19 to 29 October.

Dinner-Ball, 21 October, Royal Hotel, Scunthorpe, in aid of the R.S.P.C.A. (Scunthorpe Branch). Tickets: 1 gn. from the Hon. Mrs. Eric Cuthbert, The Manor, Ashby, Scunthorpe, Lincolnshire.

Worth Fashion Show, October 21, Surgeons' Hall, Edinburgh, in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors. Tickets: 2 gns. (afternoon, including tea) and 4 gns. (evening, including champagne buffet supper) from Jenners, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

SPORT & SHOWS

Golf: Ladies' Home International Matches, Gullane, to 6 October; Arthur Clark Cups, Roehampton, 9 October.

Croquet: Eastbourne Tournament, to 8 October.

Racing: Lingfield Park, York, to

6 October; Ascot Heath, Manchester, Redcar, 7, 8 October; Warwick, 8-10 October; Newcastle, 12 October; Newmarket, 12-15 October; Stockton, 15 October; Wolverhampton 15, 17 October.

Horse Trials: Chatsworth One-Day Trials, Derbyshire, 15 October.

Royal Ulster Show, Belfast, 12-14 October.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. The Ring Cycle; *Siegfried*, 6 October, *Götterdämmerung*, 8 October, 6 p.m. Gala Performance, *La Sonnambula*, in the presence of the Queen, Prince Philip, and the King & Queen of Nepal, 19 October, 9.15 p.m. Opera season opens 21 October. (cov 1066.)

Sadler's Wells Opera. Season opens tonight with *La Traviata*; *Tannhauser*, 6 October; *La Traviata*, 7 October; *Tosca*, 8 October. 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

Royal Festival Hall. London Mozart Players with Fou Ts'ong (piano), 6 October; London Philharmonic Orchestra with Moiseiwitsch (piano), 7 October, both 8 p.m.; Aeolian String Quartet in first concert of a Beethoven cycle, 7 October, 7.45

p.m.; Ernest Read Concert for children, with London Symphony Orchestra, 8 October, 2 p.m.; Chopin recital by Niedzielski, 9 October, 3 p.m.; Victoria de los Angeles, 9 October, 7.30 p.m. (WAT 3191.)

ART

Salvador Dali Exhibition, Sotheby's, New Bond Street, W.1, until Saturday.

Heinz Koppel (new paintings), Beaux Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1, until October 12.

EXHIBITIONS

Lady of Fashion: Heather Firbank (1888-1954) and what she wore between 1908 and 1921, Victoria & Albert Museum, S.W.7.

Business Efficiency Exhibition, Olympia, to 12 October.

Heating Your Home, Design Centre, Haymarket, to 29 October.

AUCTION SALES

Christies. British & Continental pictures of the 17th, 18th & 19th centuries, 7 October; Oriental art, 10 October; Persian & Indian art, 11 October; Fine old English & Continental silver, 12 October.

FESTIVALS

Cheltenham Festival of Art & Literature, to 7 October.

National Gaelic Mod, Edinburgh, to 8 October.

Swansea Festival of Music & the Arts, 10-25 October.

Stroud Religious Drama & Arts Festival, 9-16 October.

Folk Music Festival, Cecil Sharp House, Regent's Park Rd., 14, 15 October.

FAIR

Chelsea Antiques Fair, Chelsea Town Hall, to 15 October.

FIRST NIGHTS

Mermaid Theatre, *Mr. Burke, M.P.* 6 October.

Fortune Theatre. *And Another Thing* . . . 6 October.

Old Vic. *Mary Stuart*. 10 October.

Piccadilly Theatre. *The Playboy Of The Western World*. 12 October.

Royal Court Theatre. *Platonov*. 13 October.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 45.

Billy Liar. "... for all its shortcomings, the most complete study of a daydreamer that the stage has ever given us . . . extremely well acted." Albert Finney, George Cooper, Mona Washbourne, Ann Beach. (Cambridge Theatre, TEM 6056.)

The Art Of Living. "... one feels a helpless warming of the heart . . . deftly arranged . . . a bright and lively little show." Hiram Sherman, Graham Stark, Carole Shelley, Judy Bruce. (Criterion Theatre, WHI 3216.)

The Caretaker. "... Mr. Harold Pinter . . . has found a way of pleasing, as well as slightly dazing, an audience . . . brilliantly directed and acted." Donald Pleasence, Peter Woodthorpe, Alan Bates. (Duchess Theatre, TEM 8243.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 46.

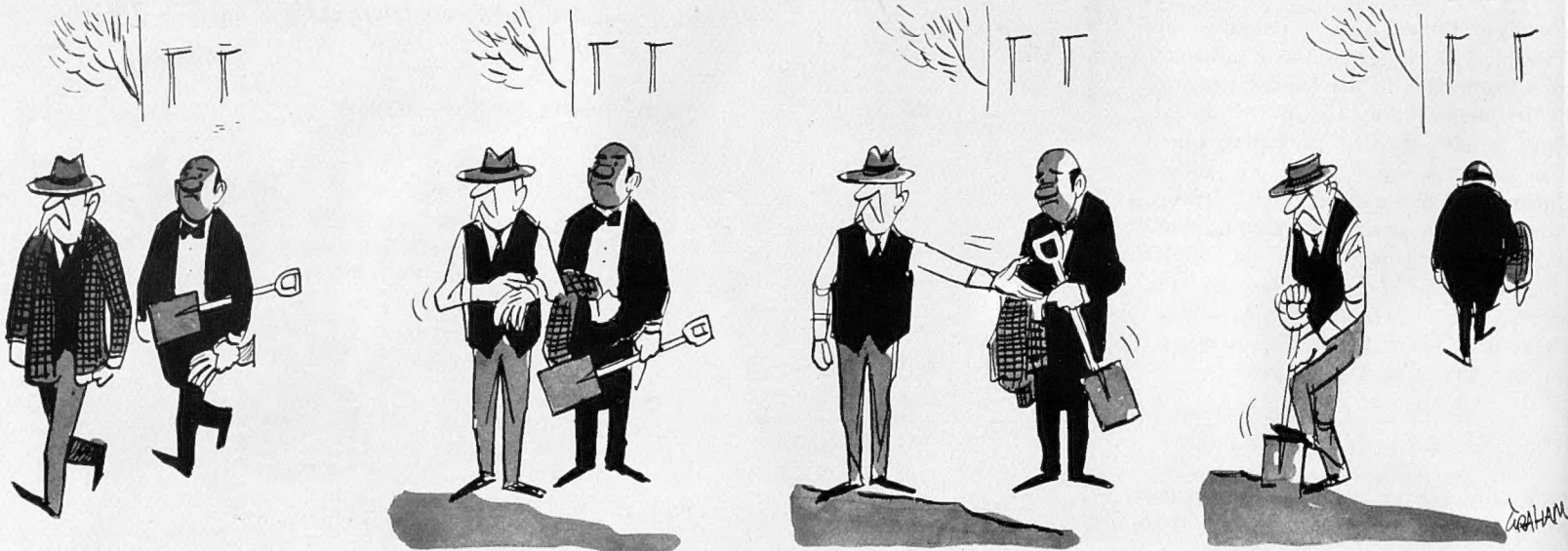
G.R. = General release

Jazz On A Summer's Day. "... bright idea of filming the Newport Jazz Festival . . . revealing how disturbingly rum humanity in the pursuit of happiness can look . . . extraordinarily fascinating." Anita O'Day, Louis Armstrong, Jack Teagarden, Chico Hamilton. (Cameo-Poly, LAN 1744.)

It Started In Naples. "Somebody has at last realized that the ravishing Signorina Sophia Loren is a comedienne at heart . . . The scenery seems to have bewitched the director, too." Sophia Loren, Clark Gable, Vittorio De Sica, Marietto. G.R.

Come Dance With Me. "Mlle. Brigitte Bardot, fully clad and maturing prettily, turns amateur detective." Brigitte Bardot, Dawn Addams. G.R.

BRIGGS by Graham





Tailored elegance specially designed for Miss Terry by the famous model house of ARROW Ltd. On the right, the impeccably cut full length coat with dolman sleeves and matching slim skirt, made of firm tweed, in the season's deep warm colours, is 29½ guineas. The three-piece suit, in black, brown, and white mixture tweed, features a wide Persian Lamb collar, 45½ guineas. Both suits are in very small, medium and quite large sizes, and are representative of a unique collection of town and country clothes, now assembled, priced from 9½ guineas to 49½ guineas. Miss Terry's hats are, as always, £4.19.6.

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GOING PLACES TO EAT

John Baker White

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

George & Dragon Restaurant, 256 Brompton Road. (KNI 2626.) C.S. Popular with travelled Americans and Europeans. No *à la carte* menu. The minimum for a meal is 30s., but this includes a wide selection of well-cooked dishes, with extra special hors d'oeuvres, and an excellent Continental cheese board. The far-from-cheap wines are well chosen to match the Austrian cooking. The bill for two, with wine, will probably come to about £6. W.B.

The Scholar Gypsy, 119 Sydney Street, Chelsea. (FLA 2718.) C.S. Congratulations to Mrs. Irene Wood. I cannot think of anywhere in London where one can get a better cooked or more satisfying 3-course luncheon for 4s. 6d. Equally her *scampi Jerez à la crème* for 10s. 6d. is quite outstanding. The menu is not long but every dish has character, including the *potage maison*. Take your own bottle or send across the road. There is a guitar player from 8 p.m. W.B.

Gore Hotel Restaurant, Queen's Gate. (KEN 4222.) The Gore is known all over the world for its Elizabethan Room. Not so well known is its pleasant and admirable restaurant serving foods of the present Elizabethan age. The *pâté maison* is something special and the wine list one of the best anywhere. This does not mean that all the wines are expensive: some are extremely reasonably priced. W.B.

Prunier, 72 St. James's St. (HYD 1373.) C.S. Early this year Prunier, London, celebrated its quarter-century, thus writing another chapter in the history of a famous restaurant. To those who know good food the word Prunier is linked automatically with fish and also with wines of quality, for which all honour to Mme. Prunier, who has directed the London restaurant since the day it opened. W.B.

Chez Auguste, 38 Old Compton St. (GER 5952.) Not many other restaurants in London provide Turkish cooking, with Turkish wines and coffee to go with it. On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday

evening look out especially for *Doner Kebab*—roast lamb and veal garnished with sweet herbs, served with spiced rice, green peppers and grilled tomatoes. It is cooked on a vertical spit turned by hand before a gas brazier. The wine list contains some interesting clarets, the company is cosmopolitan, the service efficient but impersonal. W.B.

Jamshid's, 6 Glendower Place, South Kensington. (KNI 2309.) Open all Sundays and public holidays except Christmas and Boxing Day. I am not an expert on curries, knowing only what I like, and unable to detect the finer distinctions of Indian and Pakistani dishes. Jamshid's describes itself as an "Indian Restaurant," and I have found its dishes much to my liking. It is small, but the tables are not cramped, and it is comfortable. The service is good, but patience is an essential part of enjoying a well-made Asian dish. Unlike many of London's Asian restaurants, Jamshid's is fully licensed. W.B.

Chez Solange, 35 Cranbourn Street. C.S. (TEM 0542) Rene Rochan, who does quite a lot of his own cooking, comes from Montargis, near Orleans, and his wife Therese from the edge of the "Pays de Bresse." The combination ensures admirable cooking, including a *terrine maison*, an extremely special chicken dish. Their other, and original, establishment of the same name (which is that of their daughter) is in the—

White House, Albany Street (EUS 1200, Ext. 14.) C.S. The food

there is just as good. W.B. both. **Plato's**, 83 Wigmore Street. C.S. (WEL 7867.) W.B. lunch. There is quite a lot of indifferent Greek cooking to be found in London, and some good. That at Plato's is good. My favourites are the *Taramasalada*, a fish *pâté*, the *Moussaka*, and the splendidly sticky *Paklava* to finish. There is good English cooking for those who prefer it. Mr. Panos makes one very welcome. There is Turkish coffee.

Connaught Hotel, Carlos Place, W.1. (GRO 7070.) Restaurant open Sundays. Grillroom closed Sundays. The clientele have a profound understanding of good food and fine wines. The cooking is excellent, the cellar outstanding with matching service. The dark-panelled restaurant is traditional, making no dubious concessions to modernity. The grillroom is the right place to take a pretty woman in her forties. It makes her look, and feel, her best. W.B.

WINE NOTE: Portuguese wines, in addition to port, are becoming better known in Britain, and the prices of most are reasonable. Among them is a Rosé called Lagosta, costing between 9s. 6d. and 10s. for a half-litre flagon (which makes an attractive water carafe afterwards). It is on the sweet side and can be drunk as a dessert wine. There is also the drier Mattheu Rosé, of high quality and natural sparkle, which costs about 13s. 6d. to 14s. a full-size flagon.



GOING PLACES LATE

Douglas Sutherland

I HAVE NEVER THOUGHT OF NIGHT clubs as places to go to eat and yet I notice that more and more people are doing so. I think I know where my own hesitation springs from: the general absence of menus and a feeling that the food will be outrageously expensive. My first researches in this direction, however, seem to prove me wrong—though I may just have been lucky in the clubs I visited.

At Murray's Club in Beak Street, for example, I came across an imposing menu on which all the prices are clearly marked. Moreover the *table d'hôte* dinner at

25s. is comprehensive; it should give you confidence that any but the most awkward guest will be content not to cut loose on the *à la carte* side of the sheet. Jack Bede is in charge of the food side at Murray's and the cooking is of a high standard. Thoroughly recommended.

At the Blue Angel in Berkeley Street Max Setty takes a different view of food policy. Most of his youthful customers have come on from somewhere and have already tucked into a square meal. He therefore makes no effort to provide a wide selection of dishes. No dish

is more than 12s. 6d. and the chief demand is for steak at this price. Like Murray's this compares most favourably with restaurant prices. Setty tells me that, with an entrance charge of 5s. (which is payable only after 11 p.m.) and including food, the bill for two averages out at well under £5. One reason for this, he says, is that many people are drinking wine nowadays. Gin and whisky seem to be on their way out with the younger set.

Incidentally, I was pleased to see my old friend "Hutch" at the Blue Angel. He will be there for several months yet and will shortly be joined by Noel Harrison, Rex Harrison's son, whose proficiency with a guitar is well known. They should be a big attraction this month with the *débutante* set.

Because Chinese restaurants have the reputation of being extremely cheap places to eat in, I went along to the Lotus House in the Edgware Road, the nearest thing I know to a Chinese night club in London. The Lotus House is of course strictly a restaurant. You do not require to be a member, but it has a late-night supper licence and you can dance and drink until 2 a.m. It has been extremely popular since

it opened, particularly with theatricals and theatregoers coming on after a show.

The owner is Johnnie Koon, whose father started one of the first Chinese restaurants in the West End. Many people will remember his restaurant in Piccadilly Circus as their first experience of Chinese food. It is odd that for several years after the war there were only a few Chinese restaurants in Soho. Now they are everywhere and scarcely a week seems to pass but another one opens.

The Lotus House must surely be one of the cheapest late night spots to dine and dance. I strongly advise, unless you are an expert, that you follow the suggested menus set out on the back of the imposing bill of fare. As one might expect, they are well chosen and the prices excellent. A set menu for two ranges from 18s. 6d. up to £2 2s. There is a small cover charge (half a crown a head) in the evening which does not seem unreasonable. Wines too are at normal prices and there is no need to spend more than about £1 for a good bottle. So two people can do themselves proud for around £3, and if that isn't worth a visit, what is?

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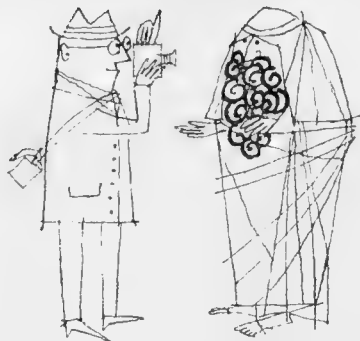
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GOING PLACES ABROAD

Doone Beal

The art of Tuscany

IN the southernmost part of Tuscany, around Arezzo, the landscape has what I can only call a wild formality. The pointed hills fall away one before the other, in marvellous perspective, verdant with fig trees, hazy with olives, trimmed by slim dark cypresses; terraced hillsides, geometrically striped fields and vineyards, with the odd, parchment-coloured clutched of a village. In its way, it is beautiful like no other landscape I know.

Arezzo itself spreads fan-like over the hillside. It dates back to the 12th century and its greatest claim to fame is, of course, the Piero della Francesca frescoes in the church of S. Francesco. Nearby, at his birthplace of Borgo San Sepolcro, are his famous *Madonna of Pity* and the *Resurrection*. And at Monterchi (in a solitary chapel to which it has been moved to preserve it) the *Madonna del Parto*.

The oldest and most beautiful church in Arezzo is the Santa Maria della Pieve. One could look and look through its austere, beautifully proportioned interior and at the solitary, magnificent gold altarpiece of Pietro Lorenzetti, from which nothing else in the building is allowed to detract.

The old city of Arezzo is beautiful enough as a whole, without seeking out anything special. Particularly lamplit at night like some medieval stage and totally deserted, because the people of this agrarian community are early bedders. Early risers, too, as I rediscovered one morning when, at six o'clock, the Piazza Grande was in full swing with a market of vegetables, fish, pots and pans, flowers and for some whimsical reason, hundreds of cages full of snuff-coloured, fan-tailed pigeons. The cafés were strident with people drinking coffee and cognac.

Apart from the interesting little hill towns of Cortona, Bibbiena and Poppi, you should also visit the two monasteries: the Benedictine one at Camaldoli, high above the pine woods with a fascinating apothecary where one can taste and buy the local Chartreuse, and the other—more dramatic—of La Verna. It was here that St. Francis came a good deal towards the end of his life, and where he received the Stigmata. The most remarkable things, though, are the Della Robbia ceramics, a unique collection spread

over some seven different chapels.

An interest in the associations of St. Francis brings millions of tourists and pilgrims every year to Assisi, which is about a two-hour (very beautiful) drive from Arezzo. My own visit there was not what it might have been because it was far too hurried. So profit by my mistake, and make no attempt to try and see it in a day trip. There is a lifetime of things to look at in this little town and one does not want to risk visual as well as spiritual indigestion, because it can overwhelm. It is important in what order one sees the sights of Assisi. Start with the little church of San Damiano, away down the hill from the town. Although it is devoid of paintings, it is the most atmospheric. In 1212, after enlarging the monastery, St. Francis gave it to St. Clara for her followers, and the austere simplicity of the refectory, the dormitory and the infirmary have scarcely been altered since.

The upper and lower churches of the immense Basilica of St. Francis, contain his tomb, the Giotto frescoes, and, among many other superb paintings, Pietro Lorenzetti's *Madonna of the sunsets*. Other important places to see include the sacred chapel of the Portiuncula in the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli. The church itself is rather grandiose and not so interesting, but the little chapel where St. Francis died has been preserved inside it, and the faithful pilgrims who visit it are granted retroactive remission of their sins.

Perugia, the chief city of Umbria, has overgrown from a hill town to one of some size. But a great mark of its beauty is that even the new buildings have been built in a series of concentric circles around the core of the old city. It finishes quite abruptly, without straggles or suburbs. Go up to the Piazza Rossa Scollì, above the city, for a wonderful view of the irregular, red-tiled roof tops dropping away to the lavender coloured foothills and the plain beyond. Its main piazza, too, is glorious with its fountains faced by what the guide books call—and rightly—the “imposing” Palazzo dei Priori. The art gallery is contained in this originally 13th-century building, and has as one might expect some superb examples of the Umbrian school.

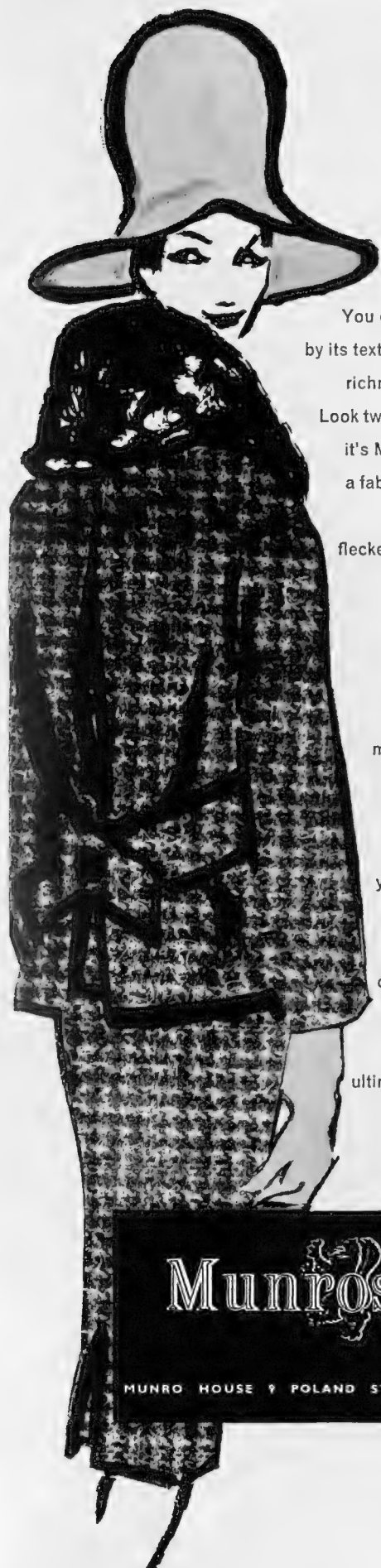
A great appeal of Perugia is its very prosperity and bustle. This is

Arezzo: two views of the Piazza Grande, where at six in the morning the market is in full swing



ALBERTO M. DROANDI

no self-conscious museum city. Its buildings, venerable though they may be, are treated functionally. Its inhabitants are as much concerned with the manufacture of knitwear and chocolates as they are with the tourists and students who come to study its artistic heritage. It supports some excellent shops, restaurants and hotels. The Trasimeno, in the main street, is the best and most famous restaurant, the Brufani-Palace its leading hotel. The best hotel in Assisi, incidentally, is the Subasio, and in Arezzo, the Graverini—where also one feeds notably well.



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Helena Rubinstein

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Gascoigne—Plowden: Veronica Mary, only daughter of Mr. Derek & the Hon. Mrs. Gascoigne, of East Leith Hall, Aberdeenshire, married the Hon. William Plowden, elder son of Lord & Lady Plowden, at St. Etheldreda's, Ely Place

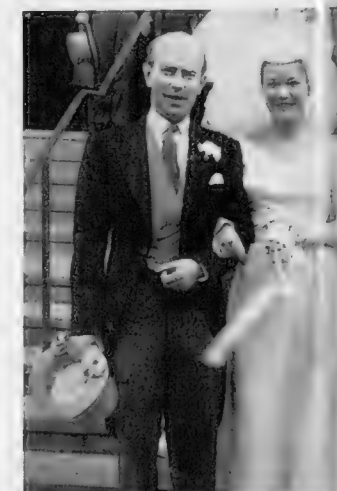


Walker—Gale: Elisabeth Anne, elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. H. Alan Walker, of Church House, Temple Grafton, Warwickshire, married Richard Evans, only son of Mr. & Mrs. Richard W. Gale, of Horndean, Hampshire, at St. James's, Spanish Place

Weddings



Poett—Sebag-Montefiore: Joanna, daughter of Lt.-Gen. Sir Nigel & Lady Poett, of Bulford Manor, Wiltshire, married Capt. Peter Sebag-Montefiore, son of the late Maj. G. Sebag-Montefiore, & of Mrs. D. Block, at St. George's, Bulford



Berrill—Cox: Susan, elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Adrian Berrill, of Johannesburg, South Africa, married John, son of Dr. J. Cox, of Hennerton House, Wargrave, Berkshire, and of Dr. Nancy Cox, of Sutton, Surrey, at Our Lady of Victories, Kensington

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THE TATLER & BYSTANDER 5 OCTOBER 1960

Who's who AFTER DINNER

Some toastmasters'

favourites, photographed

by ANTHEA SIEVEKING,

with a guide and

confession by one of them,

MONJA DANISCHEWSKY



SIR COMPTON MACKENZIE has a speaking season—April to October. The rest of the year he concentrates on his writing. Even so, he reckons he has to refuse 200 invitations a year. Is replying to Lord Brabazon of Tara at the Colchester Oyster Feast this month. Considers Lord Boothby among the best he has heard and also remembers the late Sir Will Y. Darling and Sheriff Simpson of Perth. Advocates looking to the manner more than the matter. Favourite liqueur: Cointreau. Coffee: Mocha, any method, but black without sugar. Cigar: "The largest Havana I can get hold of"

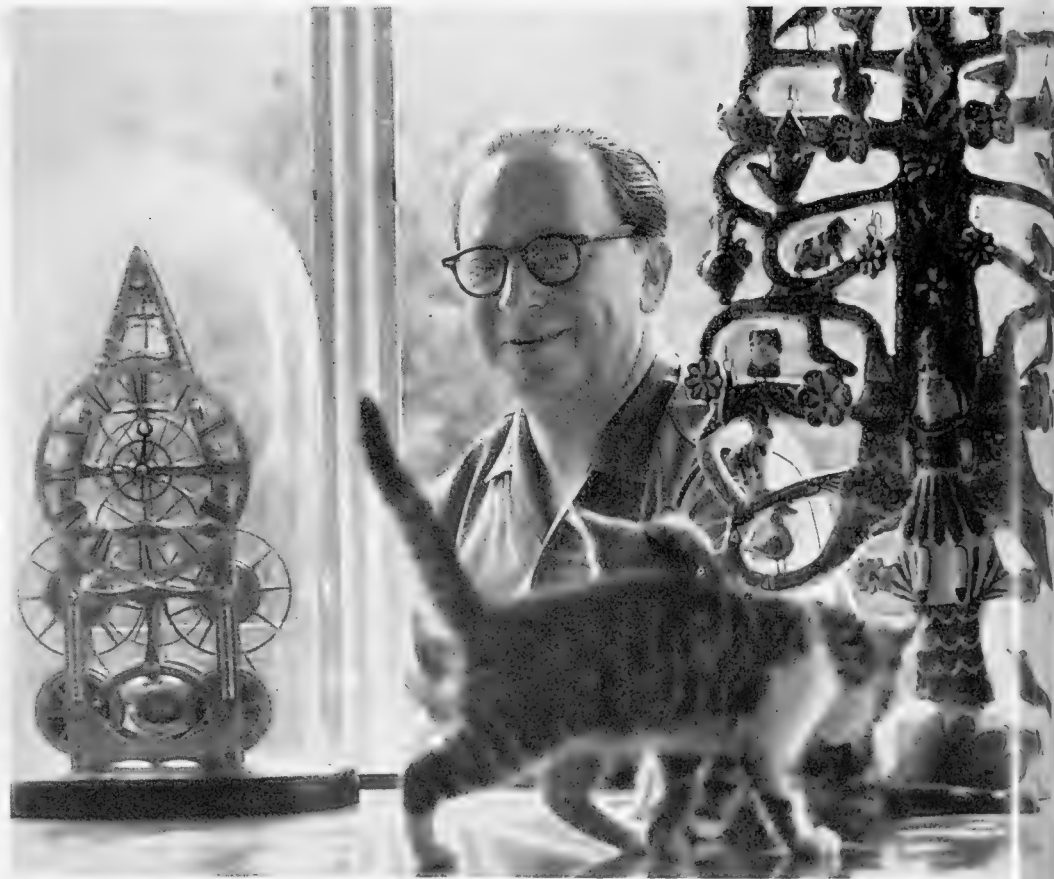
Who's who AFTER DINNER *continued*

THE YEARS BETWEEN have not dimmed our memory of that evening. It was one of those Very Important Dinners to aid or celebrate some now forgotten cause. The principal speaker was on his feet, and had been for what seemed like eternity. His own mumbling lethargy had communicated itself to his listeners; a pall of apathy hung like a low dark cloud over the tables. Our companion—young, beautiful, normally exuberant—tried to fight off sleep by kneading and squeezing bread crumbs into the shape of little mice with long tails. Grateful for the distraction, other ladies began to emulate her, then their escorts, until the tables were alive with little bread rodents, all shapes and sizes, furtively passed along the line for comparisons by their proud creators. Still the principal speaker droned on.

Our own salvation was little short of a miracle. A whispered message in our ear informed us that the police required our car to be moved. Thankfully we slunk out into the Park Lane air, and freedom. Unhurryingly we removed the offending vehicle to a safe parking place as far away as we could decently find. We walked back from St. James's Square and, with a feeling of triumph, sidled into our seat. The principal speaker was still on his feet. The little bread mice were dry and cracked. The other guests had turned to stone.

The After-Dinner-Speaker who lacks what is known in the business as *The Medusa Compulsion Neurosis* (in plain words—the uncontrollable desire to lapidify, or turn to stone, his fellow creatures) either has to rely on other elements to create the right atmosphere, or to create it himself out of thin air. On the side of the *deus ex machina*, or divine intervention, we remember an occasion when the venerable-looking toast-master, of all people, turned what might have been a sticky evening into a hilarious get-together. He himself had not only dined but demonstrably wine, and when it came to the Loyal Toast he just could not, for the life of him, remember the name of the reigning monarch. If you have the fortune to follow as a speaker close on such a situation, you may be sure that your most tentative sally will be received with rapture, your most feeble joke hailed as the Saying of the Year.

The more professional among us know from the start how to create the receptive mood—even to the point of using the toast-master if necessary. Once, we remember, our good friend Mr. Tommy Trinder had risen to propose "The Press." As he began: "May it please Your Royal Highness, Your Grace, my Lords and Ladies and Gentlemen . . ." his eyes followed the scarlet-coated figure of the toast-master, retreating majestically to the back of the room. Pointing to another door, he broke off to



exclaim: "Hey, there! *You*, sir! The fox went that-a-way!" From that moment on, we were all putty in Mr. Trinder's hands.

Another little trick to demand your audience's close attention is to cram your speech with words which you find difficult to pronounce. Sir Winston Churchill, the greatest after-dinner speaker of our epoch, has made hay time after time by bestowing on foreign names and words an identity all his own. The late Professor C. E. M. Joad had a problem with the letter S and, at a Dress Reform League banquet at which he earnestly championed the abolition of buttons on men's clothes, he delivered this skilfully constructed sentence: "To people with clumsy and non-prehensible fingerth like mythelf, buttonth are a conthtant thourthe of humiliation." Hushed, we listened, eager not to miss a single sibilant; we would happily have followed the professor to any buttonless Arcadia.

The quirks of the After-Dinner-Speaker form a familiar pattern of behaviour. There is:

1. *The Self-Deprecator*. Example: the Field Marshal, at a dinner given to launch his Memoirs, who craves your indulgence because he has *always found the sword more manageable than the pen . . .* because he feels *more at ease with deeds, not words*. (Get him! "Like a true soldier he has sold his life dearly." Those memoirs will net him a cool quarter of a million!)

MONJA DANISCHEWSKY, who writes an article alongside, is seen in his Hampstead home with Henry (a she) and part of his collection of Mexican peasant art. He says that next to Churchill he thinks Aneurin Bevan was the best after-dinner speaker he has heard. Favourite liqueur: brandy ("Remy-Martin if there's a Napoleon"). Coffee: A stickler for the jug method (see page 33). Cigars: Selects by sheer size when in the company of fellow film producers

LORD BIRKETT (opposite), famous as barrister and later as a judge, now has a reputation as the most sought-after of after-dinner speakers. Believes in preparation as an essential to the effect of spontaneity. Has an encyclopaedic knowledge of good stories. Photographed at Bumpus' bookshop during a visit to London from his home at Chalfont St. Giles



Who's who

AFTER DINNER *continued*

(2) *The Signal Man.* This is the speaker who makes it clear to his listeners, well in advance, how they should react to what he is about to say. Thus, when about to utter a *bon mot*, he heaves with silent laughter so that you cannot possibly misunderstand his intent to make a joke. When his aim is to move you, he pauses dramatically before speaking, sighs, casts his eyes upwards at the ceiling, clearly indicating the emotion with which his next words are to be received.

(3) *The Rehearsed Extemporizer.* This is the speaker who is astonished to find himself called upon to speak. Who—Me? He looks round wildly to make sure he has not made a mistake. You *mean* it? Really *me*? He gets up hesitantly, explains his predicament of being caught unaware and proceeds to deliver—with a studied groping for words—the speech he has been rehearsing in front of his mirror for the last four days.

(4) *The Constant Reader.* This is the speaker who has lost all sense of shame. He doesn't care who knows his limitations. He stands up, puts on his reading glasses, clears his throat and, in halting words, reads from a sheaf of papers the speech his public relations man has written for him.

We should know. We too have served our time as a Ghost-After-Dinner-Speech-Writer. There was the rewarding occasion when Mr. X got in touch with us to say that he had to propose the health of Sir Y, and would we please write his speech for him? We had barely time to agree, when Sir Y was on the telephone asking if we could write his reply to Mr. X's speech. We were ourselves present at the dinner and could hardly wait for the moment when we would hear Sir Y's quick-as-a-flash ripostes to Mr. X's sly digs at him.

But this time we had reckoned without the chairman's whimsicality, for after our two friends had delivered our two speeches, to our horror we heard the chairman call upon *us* "to say a few words."

Thus trapped, we did the best we could. We took the listeners into our confidence. We told them we had been caught out. Normally, we said, when we knew we were to make an after-dinner speech, we took good care to get a good friend—like Mr. X here—or, indeed, like Sir Y—to write our speech for us.

This was the moment of truth. Mr. X looked at Sir Y. Sir Y gazed back at Mr. X. They both looked *hard* at us. As we used to say in the good old days of the silent cinema—*Came The Dawn*...



ARTHUR CHRISTIANSEN, *ATV* executive and famous ex-editor of the *Daily Express*, is as confident with the spoken word as with the written, and prepares with the same care. Skilled with the double-take phrase. Joins in the general admiration of Lord Birkett. Favourite liqueur: brandy or *Benédicte*. Coffee: black (with his own saccharine). Cigars: Not keen, prefers cigarettes.

LORD BRABAZON OF TARA makes about 60 after-dinner speeches a year and wishes it were fewer ("it takes a lot out of you"). Dislikes vulgar stories. Believes in getting his subject in his mind weeks in advance. His thought for first-timers: You'll have the best audience in the world, happy and full of food and wine. Thinks the best speech he remembers was by Whitelaw Reid, made when the Wright Brothers came over. Of the moderns, admires Lords Birkett and Mancroft. Doesn't like liqueurs, prefers Cona coffee (slightly white), and always smokes his own Turkish cigarettes rather than a cigar





SIR ALAN HERBERT, popularly associated with Bohemian tastes and unorthodox causes, is a practised performer in the formal setting of a dinner. Ranks the late Lord Hewart (The New Despotism) the best he has heard. Condemns reading, at least if the reading can be seen. Favourite liqueur: Kümmel, if pressed (not keen on any). Coffee: only drinks it for peace. Cigars: pro smoking them, anti taxing them

LORD MANCROFT is such a regular that the Society of London Toastmasters calls on him to act as toastmaster at its annual dinner (he doesn't wear uniform). Says the worst fault is inordinate length ("Whoever heard a speech criticized for being too short?"). Lord Birkett is the best he's heard. Favourite liqueur: Hine brandy. Coffee: two large cups ("Hot as hell, black as night, sweet as love"). Cigars: ideally, a tiny one first and a big one after speaking

Other
toastmasters'
favourites . . .



Prince Philip . . . Viscount Amory (the ex-Chancellor sparkles after dinner though never in the House) . . . Sir Malcolm Sargent . . . Sir John Wolfenden (of the Report) . . . The Dean of York (the Very Rev. Eric Milner-White) . . . Mr. Douglas Woodruff . . . Lord Balfour of Inchrye . . . Lord Ritchie of Dundee (chairman of the Stock Exchange) . . . Lord Boothby . . . Earl Mountbatten of Burma . . . Mr. Dickson Wright (inclined to surgical stories)



Mexico: a century and a half of independence

The Earl of Home (right) with Mr. J. Rechendorff, Danish Chargé d'Affaires, & Mr. Robin Edmonds, acting head, Foreign Office American Department



Sir Thomas Rapp greets his hosts the Mexican Chargé d'Affaires & Senora Luders de Negri. The party marked the 150th year of Mexican Independence



Miss Jane Taylor-Croft, an actress



Mr. Robert Everest, Mayor of Westminster & Dr. José Prado, El Salvador Ambassador



Miss Dorrit Høienius from Copenhagen

Col. & Mrs. Vincent D'Oyly Harmer with Dr. Roland Bramley the physician. Col. D'Oyly Harmer is a former British Military Attaché in Mexico



Mrs. Ralph Greg, Swedish-born wife of Lt.-Col. Ralph Murray Greg, with Dr. E. S. Saunders, the gynaecologist. The party was at the Mexican Embassy



Senorita Maria del Pilar Rivera



MURIEL BOWEN

The most astonishing royal visit?

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA made earnest preparations for her task of representing the Queen at the Nigerian independence celebrations. All summer she's been reading about Africa, and a number of Africans have been invited to Kensington Palace so she could meet them and become acquainted with their viewpoint. Even so the scene in Lagos in the last few days must have provided some surprising incongruities for the 23-year-old Princess. It is not just the welding together of innumerable tribes to make a single nation, but the surging sea of personalities which give Nigeria a wonderfully enriching flavour (*pictures overleaf*).

The Paramount Chiefs have their robes embroidered in silk and their fine, proud heads swathed in turbans. On state occasions the women wear their native dress—very expensive, very colourful and in cut very like a loose cover to an armchair. In Lagos (where on my two visits I've found the pneumatic drills as active as they are in the streets of London) discussion is the great recreation. And the way they shout "*Zeek, Zeek*" when the Governor-General designate, **Dr. Nnamdi Azikiwe**, goes past has to be experienced to be believed. "*Zik*," as his friends call him, is the greatest talker of them all.

It would seem hard for individual personalities to stand out in such a set-up, but they do. **Chief Obafemi Awolowo**, Prime Minister of the Western Region, has won his way to political success with the jazzy campaign methods of the United States. The British like their politicians to be modest-looking men. Not so the Nigerians. A political success by an Attlee or a Heathcoat Amory is inconceivable in Lagos. **Chief Festus**, the Finance Minister, takes his seat in Parliament in a self-designed robe (he also designs his wife's and children's clothes) which trails several feet behind him. And it's this get-up (completed with a boater for out-of-doors) and not his undoubted success as Finance Minister that sets the Nigerians whooping with joy when he appears at a public function.

AIR-CONDITIONING, TRIED AND TRUE

Not that all the incongruities are confined to the Nigerians. At Government House, where the Princess is guest of **Sir James & Lady Robertson**, the dining-room is air-conditioned by a massive swinging punka. This is hauled round usually by the gardener, or if his duties detain him by one of the Governor-General's secretaries. While revelling in TV, refrigerators, washing machines and American methods of electioneering top Africans still seem to have a thorough mistrust of modern air-conditioning.

LADY DUFFERIN AND AVA'S SAFARI

Just back from another part of Africa is the **Marchioness of Dufferin & Ava**. She has been telling me about the

safari she and her husband, **Judge John Maude**, went on in some of the beautifully wild but lonesome parts of Kenya, Tanganyika and Uganda. For three weeks they lived under canvas, setting out at seven each morning in a vehicle which resembled a tank, to see the animals and photograph them. "It was very frightening at first to hear the lions roaring so close and the elephants hooting away in the dark as you tried to get to sleep," she told me. "But the White Hunter assured me that it was quite safe and that the fire would keep them away."

Forsaking canvas, they stayed a night at the famous Tree Tops Hotel, from which they looked down on a large herd of elephants, absolutely quiet and silent in the late evening light.

Lady Dufferin used an 8mm. movie camera. "I think this is much the best size for a woman; 16mm. is too heavy," she told me. "Besides, it had those foolproof magic eyes so I hadn't to bother with light readings. The judge (he had a 16mm.) and the White Hunter kept fiddling with a light meter all the time and asking each other what they made of it."

Now she and her husband are busy editing their films, and threaten to try them out after dinner on their friends. The editing is drastic because, says Lady Dufferin, if a herd of buffalo looks far away in the film it is difficult to convince your friends that they were in fact very near for buffalo.

MEMOIRS FROM LORD MORRISON

In London the social pace is just beginning to quicken after the holidays. At the Dorchester there was a galaxy of politicians of the three parties for the Foyle's literary lunch to launch **Lord Morrison of Lambeth's** autobiography. And quite a bit of good-humoured chaffing too. **Viscount Amory**, former Tory Chancellor, said that if Lord Morrison had gone into industry and not politics his name would be on the "roll of honour of the Inland Revenue department as one of those who made a really worthwhile contribution."

Lord Amory said that personally he got off comparatively lightly in the book. "I'm told that I've got the ability to suffer fools gladly," he said. "I hope that when Lord Morrison brings out further editions he will do me a favour and exclude the word 'gladly'."

There was a pithy contribution from a tired Mr. **Gaitskill** who refused to leap to the profusion of flies offered. No speech though from memoir-writer Mr. **Shinwell** (smoking a Churchill-size cigar). He and **Earl Winterton** looked benign elder statesmen and it took Lord Morrison to remind us of their wartime nicknames, "Arsenic and Old Lace."

Lord Winterton paid Lord Amory a tribute as his pilot

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

MURIEL
BOWEN
continued

New pictures of emergent Nigeria from Douglas C. Pike, a photographer just back from a tour of the country. The African interpretation of the international style produces much charming architecture, especially in Western Nigeria, where this new building, headquarters of the Housing Corporation, has gone up. The drum band is from the Benin Federation of boys' and girls' clubs, a thriving youth movement. The band took part this year in the annual regional festival at Ibadan



across some formidable banks in the Tiverton country. He told me that at 77 he still hunts, despite failing eyesight, and that he'll be out with the Chiddingfold & Leconfield again this season. "Yes, indeed," chipped in **Lady Winterton**. "We've already been cubbing."

ENTERPRISE BY A CHANCELLOR'S WIFE

Political conferences during the day have been spilling over into some good parties after dark. **Lady (Eric) Harrison**, **Lady Hermione Cobbold** and **Viscount Amory** gave dinner parties last week for **Mr. Harold Holt**, the Australian Treasurer, and Mrs. Holt. Cabinet Ministers have to give up business commitments when they reach the inner circles of political life; not Cabinet wives. Ever since her husband has been in office Mrs. Holt has continued with dress designing and running an exclusive woman's shop in Melbourne.

"For years I've lived in dread of Harold saying, 'Stop it at once'," she told me. "Then four years ago he came into the workshop, got terribly excited about all we were doing, and now he's as enthusiastic as I am."

Mrs. Holt has turned dressmaking into a success. At 19 she first opened a dress shop, and by 21 she had made enough money to be able to go round the world on the profits. Now when she travels it is not as a successful business-woman, but as the successful wife of Australia's Chancellor of the Exchequer.

As he put it to me: "She comes abroad with me as often as possible. She's a wonderful hostess and she dispels the notion that Australia is made up of a lot of hillbillies."

Mr. Holt, tall, affable, debonair, is the man most often tipped to succeed Mr. Menzies when he gives up being Prime Minister.

A WEDGWOOD PARTY

I motored through some of the leafiest lanes in Surrey to a party with another Down Under touch. **Sir John & Lady Wedgwood** gave it at their home, Leith Hill Place, near Dorking, for local members of the English-Speaking Union to meet Mr. & Mrs. **G. R. Laking**. Mr. Laking, who has a deliciously dry sense of humour, is Acting High Commissioner for New Zealand.

Brig. Sir James Gault (formerly President Eisenhower's personal representative in this country), Mr. & Mrs. **Gordon Clark**, **Sir Archibald & Lady Black**, and **Sir Gordon Touche**, M.P., & **Lady Touche** were among the local people present.

Some of the guests, though, didn't have any connection at all with the English-Speaking Union. But as Sir John Wedgwood frankly explained: "I asked a lot of them because I feel that they are people we ought to be able to rope in."

The pictures and 18th-century Wedgwood pottery provided guests with plenty to look at. Going the rounds were: Mr. & Mrs. **Crips-Villiers**, **Sir Ernest & Lady Goodale**, Mr. & Mrs. **R. A. Burrows** and Mr. & Mrs. **K. S. Butler**—both husbands from the Foreign Office. Also there were Mrs. **Brydon Gilroy**, Lt.-Col. & Mrs. **Neil McKay**, Mrs. **Edward Norman-Butler** (just back from Ireland where she stayed with the Countess of Rosse), and Mr. & Mrs. **Julian Piggott**.

Leith Hill Place, originally owned by the Wedgwoods, then sold to the National Trust by one of the family (composer Ralph Vaughan Williams), is now leased by Sir John & his wife and open to the public on certain days of the year. I asked Sir John what sort of visitors he gets. "A fascinating collection," he told me. "Lots and lots of members of the Women's Institutes, and terrifyingly intelligent children, aged about 12, from Croydon."

A new picture by Cecil Beaton, issued to mark her visit to the Nigerian Independence celebrations. She is seen in a doorway of Kensington Palace wearing a silk organza dress in soft shades of lilac. Her jewellery consists of diamond and pearl necklace, earrings and brooch, and diamond bracelets

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA



On parade at Scone



*On the eve of Perth Race Week
the Earl & Countess of
Mansfield lent Scone Palace
for a charity showing of the
Dior winter collection*



Six reception rooms running round three sides of the Palace were cleared of furniture and lined with rows of chairs. In between rehearsals on the morning of the show the Earl of Mansfield (above) stopped work to talk to models Rowena Holding, Amanda Froom and Gillian Roberts about the history of the Palace; Mr. John Richardson (left) tacked down the runner carpet to make sure there were no trip-ups on the night



Amanda Froom (above) steadies the ladder for Palace electrician Horace Paterson, who was putting special spotlight bulbs in the chandeliers. Left: a final check-up on the seating arrangements for the Earl & Countess of Mansfield, while Pamela Roxe sat waiting for rehearsals to continue



The rain came down just as the models were due to be photographed outside in the grounds. Waiting for it to stop: Christine Tidmarsh (left), who has modelled for Dior in Paris, Lady Malvina Murray (middle), elder daughter of the Earl & Countess of Mansfield, and (right) model Caroline Westmacott

As the evening's guests began to arrive, they were met by the Pipers of the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards playing on the lawns. The proceeds of the show went mainly to the Queen's Institute of District Nursing, with a portion to the Perth & Kinross Union of Boys' Clubs





The Duchess of Fife (left) announced the clothes. Her husband the Duke (right) was timing the show, and helped out by buttoning Christine Tidmarsh's glove.

On Parade at Scone *continued*



Front row spectators: Mr. Henry Tiarks, Lady Lemina Gordon, Lady Forteviot, the Hon. James Bruce, Miss Marina Schultz and (below) the Countess of Minto, the Countess of Elgin & Kincardine, and Muriel Lady Forteviot. After the show, a champagne supper was served in a marquee put up outside the Palace



The Countess of Erroll with Mrs. Andrew Stainton, who helped with the organizing. Below: the Hon. Mrs. James Bruce, Lady Bruce and Miss Marina Schultz



Lady Mariota Murray, the Mansfields' younger daughter, shuffled raffle tickets



LORD KILBRACKEN

A problem of education

I RAN INTO an attractive redhead from the wilds of Ohio recently who did something I would never have thought possible of woman or beast—came between me and my *alma mater*. It happened like this. I was thinking proudly about The Future for my son, Christopher, having lately received the happy news that he had passed his G.C.E. at "O" level in all subjects. Naturally the university loomed only ahead, and by university I mean Oxbridge. For me, thinking on my own, there had been no other alternative. I suppose I do go to Cambridge, but anything else, as I'm concerned, was only for those insufficient wit to get into Oxford, be sent to Wadham or Keble. Then it happened that I ran into this redhead, who put the stationary question: "Have you ever thought of Oxbridge?"

"No," she replied, "I haven't. She, it turned out, was an honours student of an educational institution known as Harvard University, of which I had heard only vaguely. "Tell me about it," I asked. "I mean, they give real degrees and everything?"

"Harvard University has about 10,000 students and is situated in Cambridge, Massachusetts," she replied, ignoring my jibe. "Cambridge?" I said. "That's a point against Oxbridge." "When was the place founded?"

"The place," she replied, "was founded in 1636."

"Ah, a recent endowment," I murmured.

"The oldest university in the New World," she riposted, offhand. "The normal course takes four years as at Oxford, but there's far less specialization, particularly in the first year."

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"At Oxford, I believe, you spend the whole of your four years on one particular subject: History, or English Literature, or Modern Bests."

"Greats," I corrected her, wincing.

"At Harvard it's different. For the first year—that's two semesters—we don't specialize at all. We take up to seven diverse subjects: English Composition (which alone is compulsory) and maybe, for example, Music Appreciation, Chemistry, Anthropology, Modern Dramatic Literature, a Soc. Sci. and a Hum."

"A hum?" I inquired, incredulous.

"The Humanities and the Social Sciences," she explained primly. "It's all part of Gen. Ed."

"I see," I said (not seeing, though).

"After our freshman year, we have to decide our 'major'—in other words, our field of concentration."

"You mean what we call our School," I suggested.

"If you like, but even now there's far less specialization," she answered. "Take me, for example."

"Willingly," I said.

"I majored in English Literature. But, over my last three years, it only occupied perhaps four-fifths of my time. I also took courses in Calculus, Russian Literature, the French symbolist poets and Comparative Vascular Plant Morphology."

(We now argued for about three and a half hours on the relative merits of the two systems, and I don't know who won. I think I did and she thinks she did.)

"But tell me more," I asked after breakfast next morning. "How about the sexes? Is Harvard one of these co-ed schools I've heard about?"

She looked at me pityingly. "Certainly not," she replied. "It's *joint education*. The university consists of five graduate schools, which needn't concern us right now, and two undergraduate colleges: Harvard (for men) and Radcliffe (for girls). Radcliffe, which is about a thousand strong, is divided into eight Halls, and a number of off-campus houses, but they don't have the corporate entity of Oxford women's colleges."

"How about the men?" I asked.

"At Harvard College there are about 4,000—that's an average of four for every Radcliffe girl. Freshmen, for their first year, live in the Harvard Yard, which is the heart of the university where many of the classrooms are also located. There'll usually be three boys sharing a two-room suite."

I winced again, involuntarily, at her use of the word *boys*, and asked: "What happens after the *men's* freshman year?"

"They move into one of seven or eight

Houses, and these *are* more or less equivalent to Oxford Colleges, and are scattered through the city of Cambridge, mostly on the banks of the Charles River. Cambridge, I guess you know, is across the Charles from Boston—Boston's *rive gauche*."

I guessed I did.

"Accommodations are much as before," she went on. "The only men I know of who had a suite to themselves were Schine—of Kohn & Schine, you know—and the Aga Khan. The sexes, need I say, are segregated at night, but all lectures—or 'courses,' as we call them—are attended jointly by Radcliffe and Harvard, and we take the same exams too."

I didn't quite see how this "joint education" differed from co-education as I knew it, but my Ohioan said rather vaguely that it was something to do with one's frame of mind. "After all," she asked me pertinently, "would you Oxonians like to be considered co-eds?" I had to admit that we probably wouldn't.

The vision of Christopher as a freshman in the Harvard Yard was somehow beginning to appeal to me, sharing a "suite," perhaps, with the scion of a Texas oil well and a Negro scholar from Little Rock (for the Dean, it seems, takes an admirable delight in mixing racial or religious cocktails when deciding on room-mates). One little point, the usual one, bothered me.

"How much would it cost?" I asked.

"Tuition is £1,000 a year," my redhead told me. "Living expenses would be about the same again. Say £700 a year."

"I'd rather not," I said.

"But over a third of the student body have scholarships, many of which are set aside for foreigners," I was told consolingly (though is Christopher a *foreigner*?). "And at least another third are 'working their way through College'—often earning enough, during spare time and vacations, at anything from atomic research to teaching the guitar, to pay for everything."

Well, I'll be thinking about it. And if I don't strike gold, and if Christopher can't wangle one of those scholarships, he could perhaps still pay for his A.B. (Harvard '66) by, for example, teaching the local branch of the English-Speaking Union how to speak English.

ROYAL PRETENDER AT A ROYAL ANNIVERSARY

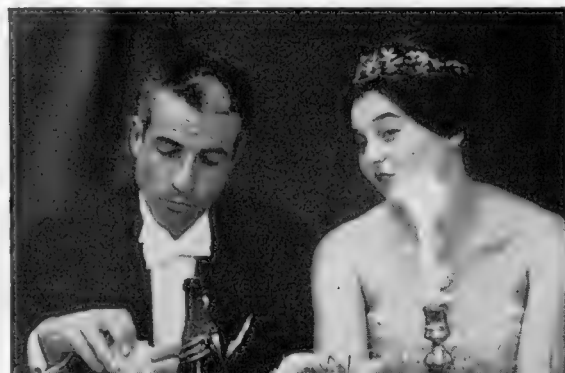
In kingless Spain it was three hundred years since an Infanta of Spain married Louis XIV of France. At Biarritz, where the Pyrrhenean Treaty was signed in 1659 to herald the marriage, a celebration seemed called for—after all, there are tourists to think of. So the



groom's descendani, the Comte de Paris, was invited along as guest of honour. Biarritz not only put out the Aubusson carpets for the French Pretender but laid on a full round of festivities on 17th-century lines

At table for the commemoration dinner at the Palace Hotel the Comte & Comtesse de Paris applaud entertainers. Top: Princesse Claude, one of the two daughters who accompanied them, was the hit of the visit

Lord Gladwyn's daughter, the Hon. Mme. Joel de Rosnay, was next to the Marquis d'Arcande





First call was a visit to the Ile de Faisans, where the historic treaty was signed 300 years ago. The French Pretender was shown a plaque commemorating it



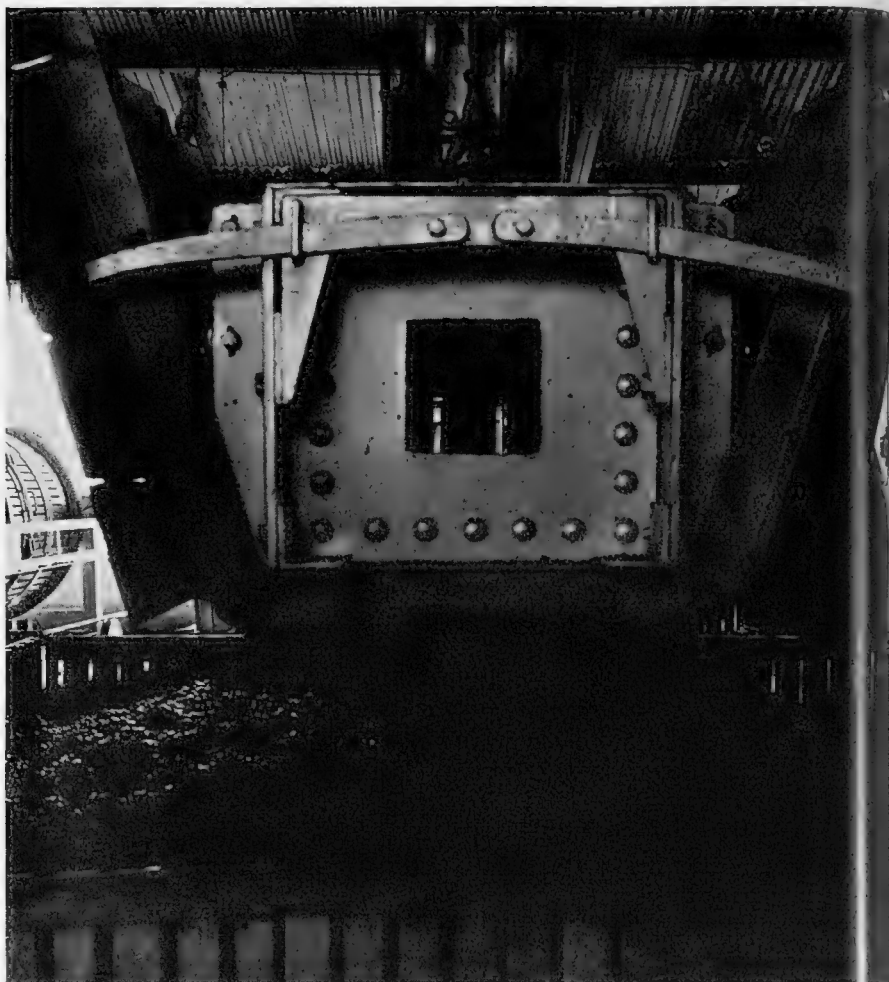
A soiree on the Versailles scale included a dinner of 300 dishes, with a divertissement (17th century for "floor show") of acrobats, jugglers, clowns and dancers (and "bears"). Next morning a carnival procession of 17th-century tableaux paraded through the town. It was watched from a balcony by the Comtesse de Paris and her two accompanying daughters, Princesse Anne and Princesse Claude. The Comte planted an oak tree and received an enamelled pedigree. So it was an historic occasion, and perhaps a little nostalgic? Anyway, neither of the generals (de Gaulle and Franco) were there



WINE WISE

Some popular misconceptions debunked

by Pamela Vandyke-Price



Illustrating two to begin with: they don't tread the grapes any more—a wine press mashes them instead (top). And champagne isn't white because the grapes are—they aren't. Some of them are black (see baskets) but the press stops short of squeezing the skins

"A white wine, of course, for the ladies."

There's no of course about it at all. The idea that white wines are somehow weaker than red ones is one of those man-made fictions that have been responsible for the undoing of a lot of girls. In fact white wines, which are inclined to be delicate and may be thrown out of condition by travelling, may be, to counteract this, definitely higher in alcohol than red ones. But even the expert can't tell the alcoholic strength of a wine by just tasting and a white wine that is "heady" in fragrance may be quite low in alcohol. The difference in alcoholic strength between table wines is generally slight but, if you've a weak head anyway, just don't take any more when you get to the stage of thinking you *could* cope with one more glass.

"Vin rosé is so suitable for young people."

It depends what you expect them to be doing after it. Some rosés have the adjective *traitre* applied to them in France simply because they may smell like a flower and be as "moreish" as lemonade, but have exactly the same effect as a fine vintage Burgundy. Never quaff beakers of rosé by the roadside before driving hundreds of miles unless you can take a nap first.

"I'll just warm the brandy glasses."

Oh, no you won't, *mon cher sommelier*—and you can take away those fish bowl glasses, too. A brandy glass should be capable of being held comfortably in the palm and the warmth of the hand through the glass is all that is necessary to make brandy show off its bouquet. The effect of warmth is to make brandy release its fragrance. The effect of sudden great heat is to practically cook it when it goes into the glass. You may get a burnt hand, you'll pick up the stink of carbon from the glass, and the aroma of the brandy—for which you're paying dearly—will have been given off before you ever get it near your nose.

"Always keep a bottle of bubbly on the ice."

Well, dear sir, you obviously don't know that you can neither smell nor taste a wine that is practically frozen stiff. You only know it was when you get the headache. Fine white wines left for hours in the fridge go off—subtly but definitely. An hour in fridge or ice bucket is all right for most dry ones. The sweet wines need a little longer—but not a little. Over-icing the drinks is a favourite ploy at functions where the host is a bit purseproud.

"Hock glasses ought to be coloured."

Well, they used to be, in the days when science in wine was a bit poppy and people were thought to be ever so upset by the sight of a "flyer," or "bit," floating in their white wines. Nowadays, with highly complicated methods of filtering, our aesthetic sensitivities couldn't be shielded by stained glass.

"Beaded bubbles winking at the brim."

Let's hope it's a sparkling wine, then. Others shouldn't. A splash and foam in the glass or decanter is vulgar and may aerate the wine too much for it to give maximum pleasure to nose and palate. (And because I—like everyone else—occasionally do make a splash, it still doesn't mean that this is right.)

"I love the popping of champagne corks."

If you really *do* mean "pop," then you go to the right restaurants and parties. The cork should come out with a small, fat sound—but not fly through the air to everyone's peril. The wine should go into the glass and not over anyone or anything. For all that, an occasional explosion—like a burp—does occur in even the best circles.

"Fill the glasses right up!"

Yes, go on, and cheat your guests of the pleasure of swirling the wine round in the glass and sniffing its bouquet. Wine glasses should never be more than two-thirds filled, which is why they need to be a generous size to start with. Itsy-bitsy glasses can give you up to twelve helpings per bottle, but the hospitable allowance, with reasonable glasses, is eight glasses of table wine to a bottle, six of champagne and ten of sherry.

"White wines with white fish and meat, red wines with red meat."

That dear old saw! A far better guide is: Drink what you fancy and thank the good Lord for it! But most people do find that red wine somehow doesn't go agreeably with white fish and most delicate white wines would be swamped by a highly-flavoured, gamey dish. One of the most respected and lively members of the wine trade told me: "Wine should complement or contrast with the food—a great big wine with a great rich dish, or else a dry, crisp one." And I've enjoyed Barsac with *foie gras*, claret and Burgundy with poached salmon, and Riesling with stuffed roast goose. Just how "white" is turkey with all the trimmings, anyway? If you really want to give Connoisseur Charlie a headache, ask him what wine goes with ham!

"You need several different glasses for different wines."

This is a real piece of *chi-chi*. Every single type of wine can be drunk with enjoyment from a glass that is (a) on a stem, so that you don't take off the coolness of a white wine with your hand, but can enhance the fragrance of a red one by cupping it; (b) of clear glass, to enable you to enjoy the colour of the wine (and the thinner the glass, the better the wine seems to taste, so I'm afraid Aunt Matilda's crystal-cut legacy should be kept for cocktails and the water goblets); (c) slightly tulip-shaped, curving in at the top, which lets you swirl the wine round and catch the bouquet; (d) generous in size—not one of those mean little bird-bath affairs. You can vary your glasses within these limits, and of course different glasses do look elegant on a formal table.

"I'll put the bottle in a bucket of hot water by the fire to warm it up."

Well, you may *want* to drink soup. . . . If it's been standing in the dining room for an hour or so, it will be quite *chambré* enough anyway. And even if it isn't, you can always put your hand round your glass and warm the wine gently that way. But a wine that's been heated up won't recover and will probably smell and taste like tepid ink. Would-be *fines bouches* often send a bottle back "to have the chill taken off" and they deserve it when the labels float off, too, in the boiling water. I've never known anyone who really knew about wine to complain on this score. Verb. definitely sap.

"Nineteen-fifty-nine was the vintage of the century."

Here's a real case of second sight! As far as the finest red wines are concerned, many most authoritative wine merchants won't be even tasting them seriously until this autumn and the majority won't start to be shipped until next spring. So don't go pestering your off-licence for anything more ambitious than a 1959 Beaujolais as yet. The 1959 vintage was made in the press—not in the wine press but pounded out under the typewriter keys of journalists who, after several indifferent summers, were delighted to spread themselves in a fine one. Sunshine makes a lot of wine but not all fine wine—otherwise the Commonwealth wines would outprice everything.



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IN THE BOTTLE WITH THE GOLD SEAL

COFFEE AND CIGARS

*An essence of expertise on
two touches that can make a
good dinner seem better or mask
the mistakes of a bad one*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY SANDRA LOUSADA

Eric O'Leary is one of those men who pride themselves on their coffee-making. He specializes in Irish coffee, served in wine glasses. His recipe: 2 fingers of Irish whiskey to $\frac{3}{4}$ glass of black coffee, stir in sugar to taste, then add slightly whipped thick cream poured over the back of a spoon. Mr. O'Leary lives in Southwark. He teaches at the Central School of Arts & Crafts, specializes in fibreglass furniture and recently designed an elegant black fibreglass chaise longue which was shown at the school's exhibition at the Tea Centre



tell you, is the *only* way. There are in fact about a dozen equally good ways, ranging from the jug or saucepan method to the various drip and filter ones. But they all have several essentials in common, and here they are: 1. Good dry storage—coffee bought already ground should be kept in an airtight container. 2. Correct grind (fine, medium or coarse, depending on the method used). If in a jug or saucepan, it should be made with a medium grind. 3. Correct measure, depending on blend and method. Generally speaking, four heaped dessertspoons to one pint of water. 4. Freshly boiled water. 5. Don't allow the coffee to stand long after being made, and never with the grounds in it. 6. Never, never use boiled milk.

—Ilse Gray



Madame Castello Branco (above), wife of Brazil's Chargé d'Affaires, always makes her coffee with the same brand, Palheta, sent or brought over by friends from home. Her recipe: two heaped tablespoons of strong, finely ground coffee added to 1 pint of water, just off the boil; return to heat, bring to the boil (but never actually let the coffee boil) and strain through a flannel filter. She serves it black in a silver coffee jug, with coffee sugar. Her flannel filter is Portuguese and is renewed whenever her Portuguese maid goes home on holiday

Mrs. Richard Sickinger is the wife of Austria's Deputy Cultural Attaché and comes from New Orleans—but, the coffee she gives her dinner guests is Turkish. Her recipe: put five heaped 'easpoons of finely ground, almost pulverized coffee (she uses Cooper's Mocha) and five teaspoons of caster sugar in a Turkish copper pot, add about $\frac{3}{4}$ pint of cold water; bring to the boil about five times, removing from heat each time; add two teaspoons of cold water and stand for about three minutes to let the grounds sink. Some people also add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of cocoa

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



Helen Burke has tried most blends, roasts and methods, and advised caterers professionally. She is convinced that the best coffee is made when almost boiling water flows through freshly ground beans. Her favourites at the moment are an electrically heated Cona, a Danish enamelled pot with a fitted cloth-filter, and a new French drip machine, like the one shown here (given to her by Madame Prunier). Miss Burke uses four measures of coffee (which she always grinds herself) to a pint of water. She maintains that once you can smell the coffee the flavour is going

First you need the right equipment . . .

FOR CONA enthusiasts here is the newest shape in Phoenix heat-resisting glass, and suitable for either electricity or a methylated-spirit burner. In four sizes (from £7 3s. 8d. to £8 8s. 4d.) at leading glass and hardware shops and departmental stores. . . . To keep the coffee fresh, an airtight copper canister with a brass lid (price £1 17s. 6d. from Heal's). By its side in a "bag" some superb coffee to put in it. A special blend (from Fortnum & Mason, 9s. per pound) it's roasted between French and ordinary medium roasting, giving a full, round flavour. The blend consists of Colombian, Arabian Mocha and Costa Rica and it's suitable for either breakfast or after-dinner coffee. . . . In the scoop some "Special Kenya Blend" beans from the Kenya Coffee Company (8s. per pound). Among eight basic blends, they sell a finely ground blend called Mocha & Mysore (8s. per pound) for Turkish, and for espresso coffee, Moka Ris Blend (7s. 4d. per pound).

For the simple jug method of making coffee, a good-looking stoneware jug (from Primavera, Sloane Street, price 30s.). . . . Partially hidden by it, the Italian Piselli coffee-grinder. At one go it grinds enough for six to eight cups and has a close-fitting Perspex lid so that the fineness of the grinding can be estimated. The blades whip around at an incredibly high speed. It is electric and is operated by a push-button (75s. from Heal's, W.1; W. P. Melrose, Edinburgh). . . . For filter-made coffee, the Melitta porcelain filter, jug and lid. There are special filter papers that fit snugly inside the grooved filter. The Melitta comes in six delightful colours and four sizes, boxed as a set with a carton of filter papers and a measuring-spoon. (Prices, complete, from 23s. 3d.—extra filter papers can be bought in cartons from 1s. 8d. From Harrods; all branches of the Kenya Coffee House and Twinings.) To keep the coffee hot, the jug can be placed on an asbestos mat over a low flame or in a saucepan of slowly boiling water, but it does filter very quickly. . . . Behind it, atop a bag of coffee, is the Atomic espresso machine. This makes a pint of coffee economically and can have a *capuccino* attachment. (Price: £5 17s. 6d. from all branches of Kenya Coffee House.)

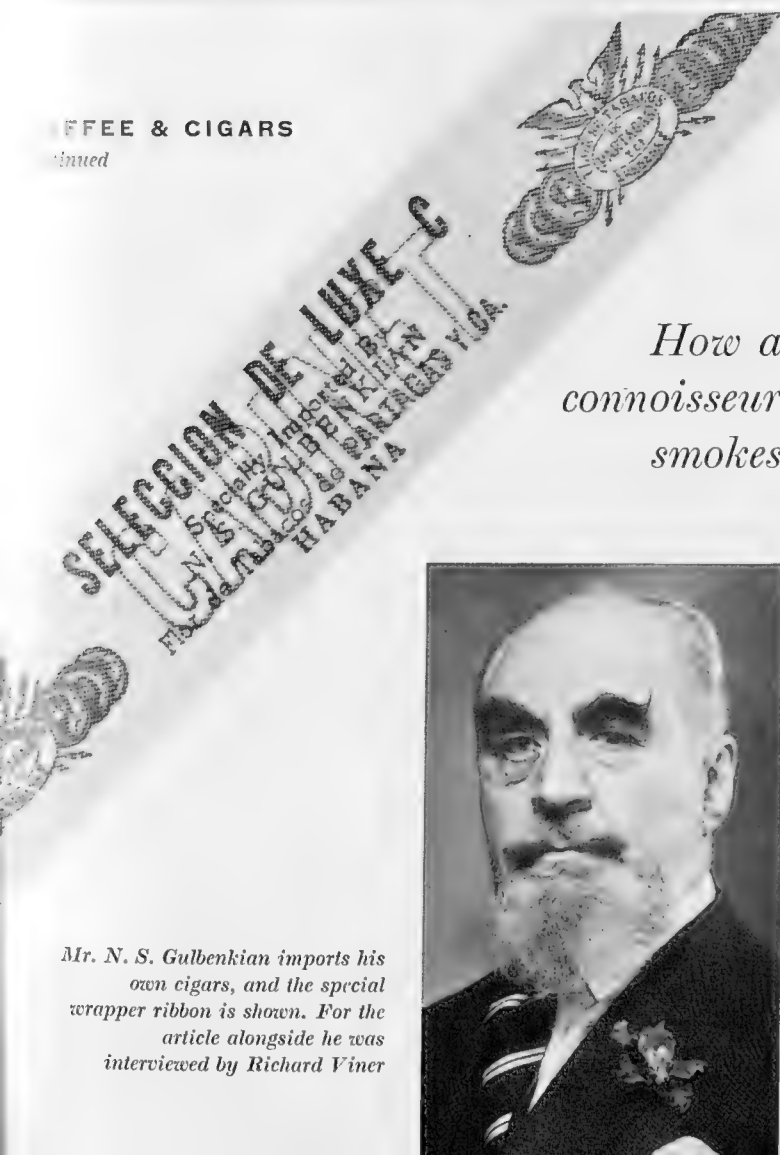
The new Swan percolator, besides being streamlined, has a "ground" base so that it can be used for electricity as well as gas (37s. 6d. from Peter Jones). . . . Finally, copper: A tapering, elegant jug for the Flemish method (similar to the "jug" method but the pot has a strainer inside). Practical, as copper holds heat longer than any other metal (£5 17s. 6d. from Fortnum's). In the foreground three sizes of copper pots for making Turkish coffee—all nickel-lined (from 17s. 3d., at Fortnum's).

Minette Shepard



COFFEE & CIGARS

Continued



*How a
connoisseur
smokes*



R. GORDON WILSON

Mr. N. S. Gulbenkian imports his own cigars, and the special wrapper ribbon is shown. For the article alongside he was interviewed by Richard Viner

MR. NUBAR GULBENKIAN slid back the lid of the cedarwood box and revealed a bundle of cigars tied with a yellow silk ribbon on which I read, "*Seleccion de Luxe D. Specially imported by N. S. GULBENKIAN.*"

"Take one on the outside," he advised me. "Slightly dented in the middle by the pressure of the ribbon. It will be better conditioned at this stage than those inside. Later, the inside ones will come to perfection as the outside ones grow drier."

He looked at me quizzically from beneath his gargantuan eyebrows. "I am not sure you have come to the right person," he said. "I can tell you about the cigars *I* like, but will *you* like them? I am not a promiscuous smoker of several brands. I have discovered one I like and stick to it—Partagas. The beginner, the novice, therefore should go to a cigar merchant, who will discover this personal taste by offering a selection of cigars to smoke. A matter of trial and error—like wine, peaches or wives."

Mr. Gulbenkian delicately fingered his still unlit cigar. "Doubtless he will recommend Claro to begin with, meaning light in the colour of the outer wrapper and the lightest in flavour of that particular brand. But Claro varies with each make, mild in one brand, heavier in another. After Claro comes Colorado-Claro; medium; then Colorado (dark) and Colorado-Maduro (very dark). The classification is stamped on the box: CCC., CC., C., or CM. I smoke Claro." He raised the box to reveal the initials, CCC.

Mr. Gulbenkian has his cigars shipped direct to him from Cuba. He then keeps them for a year before smoking. "Not in a humidor—nor a cuspidor—but in a ventilated cupboard on an inside wall where they mature at a constant temperature of around 65 degrees.

"You can"—he held up his cigar—"tell something of its condition

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



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THE JAMAICAN COFFEE LIQUEUR

COFFEE & CIGARS *continued*

by feeling it, like a peach. There is also a bloom, or gloss on it, showing that the oil in the leaf has not dried out too quickly. Of course, I prefer a mildly green cigar. Not green as the Americans like them, with the risk of nicotine running on to my beard, but too green for most English people. The English like their cigars on the dry side. Again, of course, a matter of individual taste."

Mr. Gulbenkian replenished our glasses and picked up a cigar-piercer. "What is common to all cigars," he said, "is smoking them. Let us therefore now proceed to do so. I like the Corona shape, with rounded, or marble end, as you observe. Some use a cigar-cutter to produce a vee-cut, others a straight cut with a knife—while others perilous apostasy, bite off the end. A straight cutter or knife has to be used with a pointed cigar. For myself, I pierce mine," and he did so, handing it over to me to do likewise.

"Now for the lighting," he declared. "And remember many a good cigar is ruined by careless lighting and thoughtless smoking. *Never* use a wax vesta, or a petrol lighter. And hold the cigar with the lips, not the teeth. You don't want to damage the end—unless you're a chewer. I may use one or two matches, a light cedarwood spill, or a special long match."

He struck one of the long matches and placed the cigar to his lips. "Do not allow the flame to touch the cigar," he said. "Hold it about an inch below and slowly turn while drawing gently. The theory is that you want it to burn from the outside and, above all, evenly. During smoking, hold it upwards for the same reason—also that the ash may not fall off. The longer the ash the better the flavour. Should the cigar go out—heinous offence—rub off the charred end and relight with aforesaid care."

"Quite an art," I said striving to observe his instructions. The classical scholar who recently delivered a speech in Latin to the Horatian Society in the House of Lords gently corrected my careless language: "Not an art, a *knack*."

He went on: "Smoke as slowly as possible. And relax to obtain the maximum pleasure. Stimulant, soporific, asphyxiant, a cigar can be one and all—it's up to you."

Mr. Gulbenkian told me he orders 2,500 cigars a year. "I smoke four a day, excluding Lent, which I think amounts to 1,300. The rest I give away. I also smoke a pipe, a cigarette when dressing, or out hacking and when my wife keeps me waiting unduly."

"What," I asked, "are 'D' cigars?"

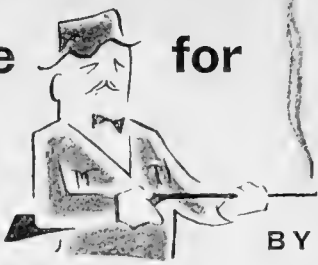
"My cigars are shipped in four sizes," he explained. "Different sizes for different occasions. B is four inches long, C five inches, D five and three-quarters and E six and a half. I smoke a-C after breakfast, D or E after lunch, B after tea and E after dinner. The heavier the meal, the bigger the cigar. I smoke them indoors, preferably, and not in a draught. Ah! Heinous offence! I have been talking too much. Mine has gone out."

While he applied himself to the delicate task of relighting it I asked if he associated smoking any particular cigar with any particular occasion, or vice versa. Gently exhaling a small cirrus of blue smoke he told me:

"Some years ago at Aix-les-Bains the then Vice-President of Cuba gave me a cigar which I recall had an especially delicate flavour. When it was finished he gave me another with a very large band bearing the arms of Cuba, his name and that of his office, Vice-President. I carefully removed this band and to my surprise found another underneath bearing the name of some shipper and the words '*Secunda Classe*.' With cigars appearances are an indication, but not a certainty—like wine."

Richard Viner

Game for dinner



BY HELEN BURKE

OUR SCOTCH BEEF, we may think, is the tops, but other countries produce what they regard as equally good or even better—and the same goes for Southdown and Welsh mutton or lamb. But I do not think any country would dispute the quality of our birds. Our feathered game is the best of its kind in the world, and from now onwards it is coming into its best period. So I would certainly plump for it as the hub of any autumn dinner party, especially if visitors from abroad are among the guests.

For some people, the hanging of game, partridge and pheasant is a must. Some like the birds to be well hung; others prefer them fresh. My mother insisted that grouse must be very fresh when roasted and should be kept moderately underdone. Soyer, on the other hand, writes of this of grouse: "Do not let the bird be raw and bloody, but well roasted," adding "Drink with it at intervals, a little sweet sherry." Other authorities insist that grouse and pheasant should be hung for a week to ten days, but still others advise that a bird should be hung by its tail for three days and, thus suspended, until it drops off!

Partridge, I am sure, are better when hung a short hanging. Indeed, I have enjoyed young ones the day after they were shot. Since authorities differ on virtually every point—hanging, cooking time, and so on—it remains for us ourselves to decide on what we best

choose for a dinner, were I not sure whether or not my guests would enjoy grouse, would have as my main course PARTRIDGE. To precede it, a very light but well flavoured CONSOMME, accompanied by a pleasant light dry SHERRY such as Pando, shipped by Williams & Humbert. With the roast partridge (not too long hung), I would serve a brown sauce, fried breadcrumbs, and a game wine I would like with them would be CLOS DE VOUGEOT, 1949, one of the truly great red Burgundies—and it will carry on with the cheese. With the birds, too, a GREEN SALAD dressed with oil and so little wine vinegar as not to interfere with the wine.

Cheese? Well, there are so many from which to choose—but what could be better than our own STILTON, the supreme blue cheese?

For a sweet, CREME BRULEE. It is now almost as English as trifle or Syllabub, but it is hardly ever seen any more.

GROUSE, of course, could well

replace the partridge and, in this case, I would be inclined to have a NUNTS ST. GEORGES, 1949. For wine for PHEASANT, I would be greatly tempted by CHATEAU PONTET CANET, 1953.

Partridges are drawn and trussed like chicken. Two will serve four people. Into each bird, place a generous lump of butter dabbed into salt and freshly-milled pepper. Spread butter over the birds and tie a thin piece of pork fat over the breasts. Place them, breasts down, on a poultry rack in a baking tin, so that the melting butter may seep into the breast meat and bake for 30 minutes in a fairly hot oven, (400 to 425 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 6 to 7). After 20 minutes, remove, close the oven door, take off the pork fat, baste with the butter, sprinkle with seasoned flour and return to the oven, breast up, to brown them.

The brown gravy is made chiefly from leg beef and most of the preparation is done well in advance.

Finely dice $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. leg beef. Brown it in $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter, together with a sliced onion and several bacon rinds. Cover with water, add a clove and simmer, tightly covered, for 3 to 4 hours.

When the partridges are removed to their heated serving dish, strain the stock into the baking tin, rub it around to release the residue, then boil it up. If you have a basting syringe, take up the gravy, leaving any fat behind. Otherwise, spoon off the fat, and strain the gravy into a heated sauceboat.

"Fried" crumbs are easier to prepare, without burning, if they are baked. Melt a nice piece of butter in a baking tin (a Yorkshire-pudding one is ideal), sprinkle the crumbs into it and season them with salt and freshly-milled pepper. Place in a hot oven and shake from time to time until they are browned.

For the Crème Brûlée, for 4 people, pour 1 pint rich cream into a pan, add a piece of vanilla pod and bring slowly almost to the boil. Beat together 5 egg yolks and a tablespoon of caster sugar and stir the hot cream into them. Stand the basin in a pan of boiling water and cook, stirring steadily, until the custard coats a spoon. It must not boil.

Strain it into a shallow glass oven dish and leave it to become quite cold. Sprinkle the surface with 2 to 3 oz. caster sugar and place under a not-too-hot grill until the sugar melts, then increase the heat so that it becomes a good caramel colour.

Remove, leave to become cold, then place in the refrigerator for an hour or two to chill thoroughly.



...but everyone
has a 'double'
when it's
Vat 69



**THE ONE SCOTCH
THAT STANDS OUT**

Pick of the crop

*a round-up of this year's vintage jersey
at vendange time in Champagne*



in jersey

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL DUNNE



Verzenay and a harvest sequence at the 201st vendange of Lanson Père et Fils begins with grape sorting by the workers (far left) who come to the Champagne district of Rheims, Epernay and Chalons-sur-Mer from all over France. The giant baskets holding the grapes are loaded on to a trailer attached to a high tractor (right) specially built to run astride the lines of vines to the press-houses



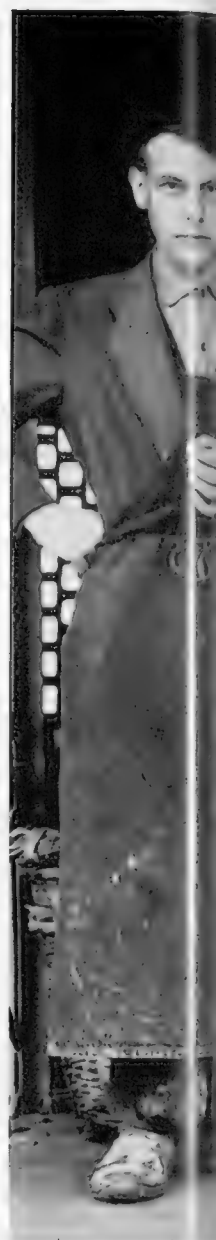
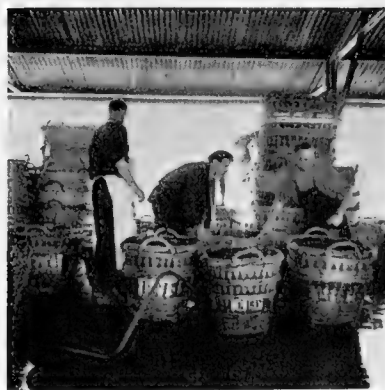
The Champagne plains stretch behind a box-pleated Swyzerli skirt (*left*), which meets an easy collarless jacket; both in slate-blue jersey checked again in brown (27 gns. at Harrods, Marshall & Snelgrove, Leeds; Copland & Lye, Glasgow). Steep garnish in cream with an upturning brim of deeper brown is black banded. Chez Elle hat costs 7 gns. at Liberty; Victoria, York. *Right*: a stinging coral jersey suit blackened with braid at jacket's rim and pockets. The skirt is permanently box-pleated jersey—a fabric which travels without harm to its good looks (creases hang out in hours). Young Jaeger suit costs 19½ gns. at Young Jaeger, Regent Street. A harvest of fruits is tied above it in Jacques Fath's pure silk scarf of plum and vivid pink



Right: Rising above the vines a jersey coat the colour of French coffee over a shaft of crochet-like cream dress, which is without sleeves; with a drawstring waist. Rima Casuals coat costs about 30½ gns., dress around 12½ gns., at Hunt's, New Bond Street; Lindsay, Halifax; Bright's, Bristol. Autumn-like silk scarf smudged with rich greens and browns is by Balmain. . . . Verzenay is one of the largest and most modern press-houses belonging to the Lanson family, who own about 420 acres around Rheims and celebrated their bi-centenary last year with a staggering vintage. The vendange lasts 15 days and is followed by wild celebration. Lanson champagnes, which are imported into this country by Percy Fox, are the famed *Black Label* (non vintage), Lanson Vintage champagne, Lanson Rich (sweeter) and Pink Champagne



Dizy: the grapes arrive on the quai at the press-house where work goes on non-stop night and day to press the black grapes which are harvested locally



Barrelling takes place in the cuverie (right) where a worker draws it into huge casks and sounds the cask with a hammer for correct fullness. Far right: the residue, a mixture of stalk, seeds and skins, is taken from the presses and later bought by the government



Pressing by hydraulic press during which four tons of grapes are converted into enough juice to fill 13 casks. The first pressing, the *cuvée*, takes about two hours; the second, the *taille*, takes less time and out of this comes the champagne. The residue, called the *rebeche*, goes for *vin ordinaire*. Then the *cuvée* and *taille* are drained into tanks (far right) in the *cuvier* and stored for 24 hours



Pick of the crop in jersey *continued*

Bound for the press-house: a lorryload of grapes from the vineyards. But there's no pressing problem with the suit (*opposite*). The detailed ease of a single button matched to collar and overblouse in tan and white checks, the smooth skirt—all add up to Charles Creed. 12 gns. from Fenwick; Bright's, Bournemouth; Lisa Gowns, Derby. The sand-coloured suède hat, banded with tan, is by Chez Elle, costs 8 gns. at Liberty; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh. Gold-plated chain bracelet from Paris House. *Alongside*: a band of workers waiting to carry on with the pressing (they reload with another 4 tons of grapes) surround a chestnut-coloured suit with ribbed collar and cuffs. Tricosa suit, 33 gns., from Kenetta, Baker Street & Brompton Road; Mme. Wright, Cheltenham; Teresa Ryan, Chester. She wears a Balmain scarf and Dolcis coffee-bean brown pumps



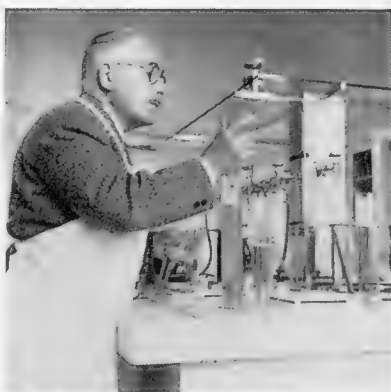
Stencilling with initials of press-house (here D Z) takes place before the casks are taken by lorry to Rheims. While (far right) a barrel, stopped with a head of corn, is ready for corking



Pick of the crop in jersey *continued*



At Courlaney, in the centre of Rheims, lorry loads of casks arrive (top) from the press-houses to be stored in controlled temperature for three weeks until sediment settles. The wine is then drawn into fresh casks and poured into large vats (above), guaranteed to blend perfectly. Samples are analysed (right) in the laboratories at Courlaney which houses most of the Lanson cellars



In a vintage year for jersey, two brands for collectors are Swyzer's statement of a curving little dress (*opposite*) in brown-and-blue-checked jersey, which has an inset band tying at the back. Rose brooch in gold plate from Paris House. Dress costs 100 gns. at Daetwyler, Beaumont Place, in November. Ella Stewart, Edinburgh. Second is H. Wood's classic case for checked-and-black herringbone (*right*) with a fringed jacket over black jersey top. Anchored on the chest is a gold-plated pendant from Paris House. Suit 15s. from D. H. Evanson Marché, Liverpool; Jean Stuart, Blackpool



First bottling follows in early spring when the champagne gets its sparkle from storage in cellars kept at 10 degrees C.—this is the second fermentation (above, left). Later, they are put neck downwards on racks and regularly twisted from side to side (far left). The remuage, as it is called, takes place in tempo—if a worker loses the rhythm he stops and starts again. After four to seven months the bottles are racked in an almost vertical position to await the dégorgement (left) when the sediment is removed from the cork. At this stage some liquor is added to make an alcohol balance according to quality. Final stage is corking and a minimum of six months in the cellars (more for a vintage)



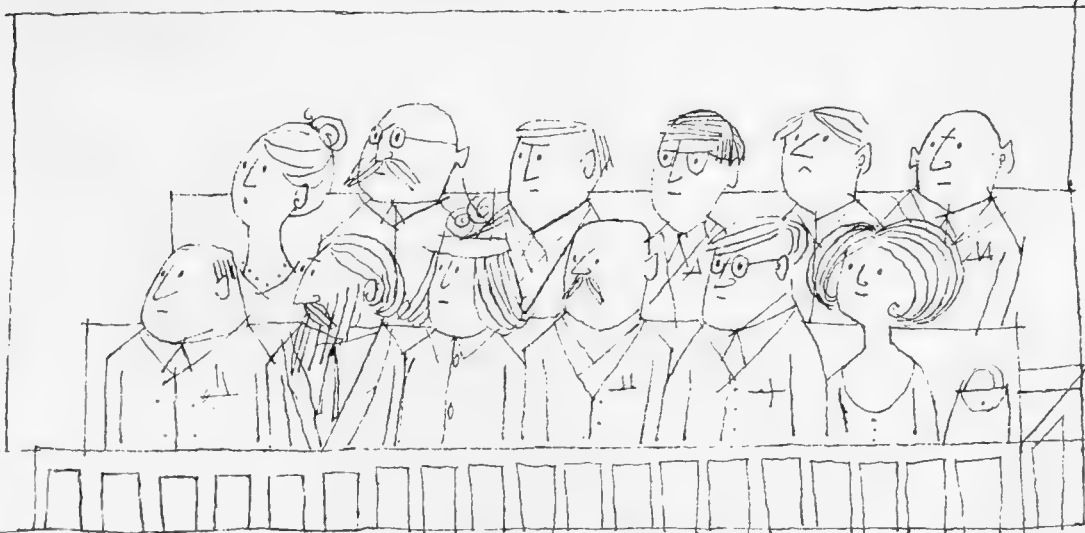
A stack of cases gives a champagne flavour to an efficient green and black tartan sheath. By Thocolette, 11 gns., from Harvey Nichols Little Shop; Romney, Ilford; Joshua Taylor, Cambridge. Paris House bracelet. The picture was taken at Boulevard Lundy, Rheims, where champagne is labelled, packed and dispatched. Chairman of Lanson is Victor Lanson (*below, left*), seen with one of his six sons, Pierre. At 70, Victor Lanson remembers several outstanding *vendanges*; this year's was affected by bad weather—average vintage is expected



Pick
of the
crop
in
jersey
concluded



Travel details: Skyways flight from Lympne to Beauvais costs from £5 10s. return in a Dakota DC3. The London-Paris route is by coach from Victoria to Lympne, plane to Beauvais and coach to Paris. Costs from £8 5s. Hertz Rent-a-Car specialize in getting cars to airports. Ours was waiting at Beauvais with the girl (*above*) who gives driving details. A Peugeot 303 costs £2 1s. 5d. a day plus 4d. a kilometre (ring Sloane 3450 for reservations)



VERDICTS

play **Horses In Midstream.** Vaudeville Theatre. (Françoise Rosay, Malcolm Keen, Jayne Muir, John Arnatt.)

films **Surprise Package.** Director Stanley Donen. (Yul Brynner, Mitzi Gaynor, Noël Coward.)

Too Hot To Handle. Director Terence Young. (Jayne Mansfield, Leo Genn, Carl Boehm, Danik Patissou, Christopher Lee.)

Home From The Hill. Director Vincente Minnelli. (Robert Mitchum, Eleanor Parker, George Peppard, George Hamilton.)

books **Take A Girl Like You,** by Kingsley Amis. (Gollancz, 18s.)

The Riddle Of The Fly, by Elizabeth Enright. (Heinemann, 15s.)

The World Of Rome, by Dr. Michael Grant. (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 42s.)

South To Sardinia, by Alan Ross. (Hamish Hamilton, 21s.)

alleries **Matter Painting.** Institute of Contemporary Arts.

Heinz Koppel. Beaux Arts Gallery.

ords **Beauty & The Blues,** by Emmett Berry & Buddy Tate.

Cookbook, by Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis.

Groovin' With Golson, by Benny Golson.

Side By Side, by Duke Ellington, Johnny Hodges & others.

Gerry Mulligan Meets Ben Webster.



THEATRE

Anthony
Cookman

Muddled, but it's fun

TO ANY WHO HAPPEN TO BE GETTING fed up with the toughness and squalor of contemporary domestic comedy Mr. Andrew Rosenthal's **Horses In Midstream** proposes itself as a possibly pleasing contrast. Personally I got a lot of quiet enjoyment out of it—without ever slipping into the illusion that I was enjoying anything more than a rather muddled comedy from which an excellent cast led by Mme. Françoise Rosay and Mr. Malcolm Keen were creating a charming atmosphere, saturated rather too richly with the pure milk of human kindness but nevertheless gay and amusing. The piece might have been written 20, 30 years ago, as, say, a sentimentalization of the

theme that had given Mr. Somerset Maugham a masterpiece in *The Circle*. Mr. Maugham's point was that the success of a romantic runaway marriage depends ultimately on the runaways. Because one man who has stolen a wife from a friend finds himself years afterwards tied to a mindless, ridiculously overdressed harriidan, that is no reason why two young people made of the right stuff should not start on the same romantic adventure and make a go of it. The consequences are consequences of character.

Mr. Rosenthal shows his romantic runaways living after 30 years of perfect happiness on the pleasant island of Elba. She is a French

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L A N C Ô M E

novelist whose former husband accepted her flight from him with an urbane shrug of the shoulders. He is an American whose deserted wife has obstinately refused him a divorce. He is a conventional fellow at heart and even now has slight twinges of conscience about his summary treatment of a wife whom he always regarded as a bitch.

These twinges are sharpened by the arrival of a granddaughter who is moved by curiosity to see for herself her wicked grandfather and the doubtless depraved woman who lured him into sin. The frank and free American girl wins the heart of the elderly devoted couple, and they so much endear themselves to her that she has a mind to follow their example—to break off her own conventional engagement and taste the joys of irregular love with a charming middle-aged beachcomber who has also fled from his wife and since taken his fun wherever he found it.

It is here that Mr. Rosenthal lets his comedy get into a bit of a muddle. He suddenly introduces the girl's mother, a thin-lipped, reproachful woman who heaps on her father's head all the bitter things that could possibly be said against his desertion 30 years ago of his wife and family. This would be well enough if the poor old man had anything like an effective comeback. He can only protest that at least he left his family with the whole of his considerable fortune, and regret that he should now appear to his unforgiving daughter a shabby old man who badly

wants his hair cut and his beard trimmed.

Mr. Keen (what a sympathetic and accomplished actor has been lost to us by his long absence abroad!) makes a quietly moving figure of the tired old man whose over-sensitive conscience is half on the side of his relentless attacker, but when the daughter has fired her broadsides she disappears from the play and we realize that only successive waves of warm sentimentality can restore her father's self-respect. These waves are duly forthcoming and Mme. Rosay rides them with complete certainty of balance, but they rather tend to blunt the natural edges of the little drama. And when the girl offers herself with all possible boldness to the middle-aged man who has infatuated her, it is left somewhat unexpectedly to that cynical *roué* to point out to her that unconventional alliances can only succeed between people who are able to give equally to one another. She has her youth and her unspent love to give. He could only take what she gave, for he has nothing left to give. If she is going to break off her conventional engagement she must find a runaway partner who can start the adventure with her on something like equal terms; or the whole thing will end in disaster.

Miss Jayne Muir, a newcomer, does extremely well with the girl, and Mr. John Arnatt handles as persuasively as possible the rather unlikely character of the blasé cynic who so casually and unexpectedly uncovers a heart of gold.

don't: they just send him his charming girl-friend, Miss Mitzi Gaynor—and a mighty rude reception she gets. Shoving her aside, Mr. Brynner stamps up and down their hotel bedroom wondering, at the top of his voice, where the hell he can raise some dough.

King Pavel has a similar problem: he needs funds for the upkeep of his modest bachelor residence (nine bedrooms, ev. mod. con.) and the small but expensive harem it houses. He invites the "rich" racketeer to call upon him and takes him into his confidence. It appears that at his coronation a bomb went off and the king was forced to leave hurriedly just as he was, in full regalia.

He has lived comfortably for 15 years on the proceeds of the sale of the royal sceptre—but now he finds it necessary to dispose of his crown, valued at a million dollars. Would Mr. Brynner be interested in acquiring it? Nothing could interest him more.

Others, it transpires, feel the same way about the crown—among them a dedicated young man (Mr. Lyndon Brook) from whose religious order it was originally snatched, and two representatives of the People's Republic of Anatolia (Messrs. George Coulouris and "Man Mountain" Dean). There is also in the running a cosy Hungarian spy (Mr. Guy Deghy)—but he has qualms about pinching the equivalent of a million dollars: "Stealing is all right—but one should always leave something for the next Hungarian."

Up to this point the film has been as light as Mr. Brynner's heavy-handed performance will allow, and the note of tragedy, unexpectedly introduced, struck me as a sad mistake. And in view of Mr. Brynner's unrelieved ill-humour, of which one has had far more than enough, it is highly regrettable that the urbane Mr. Coward, too, is made to turn snappish in the end—though he admittedly does this, as he does everything else, superbly.

A jaunt to the strip-clubs of darkest Soho is not my idea of a good time—but tastes vary and I understand these sordid establishments strongly appeal to the tired business man, for whose delectation, presumably, *Too Hot To Handle* was made. I must warn him, he will not see anybody in "the altogether"—but a bunch of shapely and competent "strippers" goes as far as the censor permits, which should be far enough to keep him moderately happy.

The impression given by the film (and I don't suppose Soho will sue) is that there is fierce and cut-throat rivalry between the strip-club owners, that the protection racket and prostitution flourish, and that little girls of 15 are hired as performers and loaned out, on request, to lecherous gentlemen inflamed by



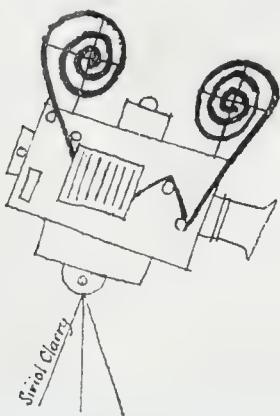
NOËL COWARD singing with MITZI GAYNOR the theme-song of *Surprise Package*, in which he takes the part of an exiled king

the perusal of *Lolita*. It is not at all pretty but it seemed to me fairly convincing—though the script is uneven and the dialogue corny. (Still, who would expect conversation at anything but the lowest level in a strip-joint?)

Mr. Leo Genn is woefully miscast as the pimping proprietor of the Pink Flamingo: the eye-work he goes in for in an effort to look vicious is quite alarming. Miss Jayne Mansfield figures prominently but unpersuasively as the club's chief attraction. She must have hypnotic powers or a heartrending tale of an aged mother to support—or something: I mean, I can't believe anyone would employ her for her acting ability.

Mr. Christopher Lee, emerging from the monsterdom to which horror films too long have chained him, gives a tellingly icy performance as Mr. Genn's double-crossing manager: he is the best thing in the film—through which Herr Carl Boehm walks woodenly as a French reporter and Mlle. Danik Pattison flutters prettily as a foreign visitor of (I think) noble lineage who has taken up stripping because she has lost her passport. (This is surely the nicest excuse possible for entering the profession.)

Mr. Robert Mitchum appears in *Home From The Hill* as a Southern gentleman, mad about hunting and women. He has a legitimate son, Mr. George Hamilton, whom he's determined to mould into an image of himself, and an illegitimate son—interestingly played by a newcomer, Mr. George Peppard—whom he employs as a farm-hand and couldn't care less about. Miss Eleanor Parker, his estranged wife, who slammed the bedroom door on him at the end of the honeymoon and has kept it locked ever since, is positively rigid with virtue. For the 148 minutes that the film runs, I was rigid with boredom.



CINEMA

Elspeth Grant

The picture-stealer supreme

WHATEVER YOU THINK—AND IT may be little enough—of *Surprise Package*, you will have to admit that it conclusively establishes two things: (a) that, as we suspected from *Once More, With Feeling*, Mr. Yul Brynner is no comedian—and (b) that, as *Our Man In Havana* suggested, Mr. Noël Coward is a picture-stealer against whom even dogs and children wouldn't stand a chance.

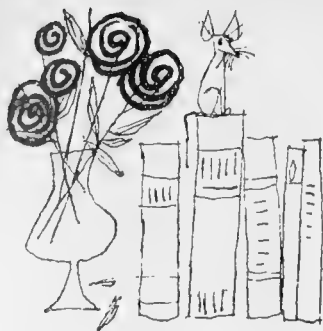
The story, based on a book by that iconoclastic columnist, Mr.

Art Buchwald, opens promisingly. A New York racketeer (Mr. Brynner) is deported to his native Greek island—a small but hospitable one which has already given refuge to the exiled King of Anatolia, Pavel the Serene (Mr. Coward).

The islanders believe Mr. Brynner to be an extremely rich man—and so he would be if his underlings in America obeyed his instructions and forwarded to him the millions he made by extortion. But they

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BOOKS

Siriol Hugh-Jones

Take a man like Mr. Amis

MR. KINGSLEY AMIS'S NEW NOVEL is called *Take a Girl Like You*. It comes in one of Mr. Gollanez's our-lips-are-sealed jackets with no potted plot or rousing hurrah, and the book is a puzzling business altogether. (Puzzling about Mr. Amis is by now a sort of national pastime for journalists and reviewers, and it may be that in his cheery way he enjoys keeping the game going with unflagging zest.)

Take a Girl Like You is an excessively long, amiable, often extremely funny, rambling day-dream about the pursuit of Miss Bunn, pure schoolteacher from the north, by—among many—Patrick Standish, also a teacher. He likes jazz and dislikes jazz, and is determined to seduce and captivate Miss Bunn. She is of Disney quality and sometimes like "a small deer in *Bambi*," in danger by a stream. She gets there in the end, after innumerable pages of wrestling, of the characters in the book interlocked with each other and on, with varying degrees of success and success.

Most of the dialogue, many of the characters, and all the school scenes seemed to me genuine Amis fun, making his particular kind of sound, timing, undemanding, sharp, easy. It is just that I do not know what to make of Miss Bunn, a tarnished sex-pot, not to mention the fact that much of the novel reads like a weird parody of the kind of things that would undoubtedly be said in Bunn's favourite magazine, *Woman's Domain*, with occasional even weirder echoes of James Bond ("She was tall and slender, with long black hair reaching to her shoulders, and beneath a tight white skirt her hips and thighs moved in a way he knew and loved." I admit this sentence occurs in a nightmare, which may make all the difference.)

The hero looks to me like a slightly older, more knowing and less endearing Jim Dixon, and maybe Mr. Amis only told the sad story of his prolonged siege of Miss Bunn for the laughs. Yet Mr. Amis is never wholly successful in his dogged public appearance as a no-nonsense, jolly good beery chap,

and the hell with Eng. Lit. I do not wish to cause him shame and grief by accusing him of hidden depths, but it is still possible to detect in him the promise of something better than what he is giving us. For analyses of hangovers, graphic accounts of bad parties, blow by blow commentaries on mattress-skirmishes, Mr. Amis is the acknowledged master. But just for those who don't want to go on staring at the worn lino any longer, it would be nice if he thought about redecorating the old place any time now.

Briefly . . . The Riddle of the Fly, by Elizabeth Enright, is a collection of neat, ironic, intelligent American short stories, economical and deft and, for me at least, almost impossible to remember a couple of hours later. . . . *The World of Rome*, by Dr. Michael Grant, classical scholar and President and Vice-Chancellor of the Queen's University, Belfast, is a powerfully organized volume full of fascinating information and magical illustrations. Maybe frivolously, I found the style unconscionably sticky, and was constantly haunted by the feeling I was reading a translation from classical Latin. ("When these had continued for nearly four years, and Septimius Severus, though dominant in Rome, had not yet overcome his rivals in Gaul and the East, there occurred one of those occasions on which the ordinary people of Rome made their feelings heard." It packs in a lot of information but not in perhaps the most seductive manner.) The book is the second volume in the Weidenfeld & Nicholson History of Civilisation, no less, which will eventually be 35 volumes long, always assuming we live to see the day. . . . And *South to Sardinia* by Alan Ross is a reprint of a book he published six years ago under the darling title of *The Bandit on the Billiard Table*, and though I grieve for the change of name, the book is as enchanting and fresh as ever. It is a highly personal view of an island Mr. Ross gives, 25 years "before the annihilating hordes finally make their presence felt," and it confirms my belief that poets are always the best people to write about places and journeys.



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GALLERIES

Alan Roberts

The anything-goes school

IN A TELEVISION DISCUSSION immediately after the Picasso exhibition at the Tate had ended, a well-known critic remarked that despite the variety of ways in which the show had been received there had been none of the anger and indignation that the Victoria & Albert Museum exhibition of 1945-6 had aroused. Apparently the conditioning process that time inevitably effects on public opinion is doing a quick job for Picasso. And not only, of course, for him but, as I was made to realize at the Institute of Contemporary Arts this week, for other hard-to-take

Bogart, the Italian Lucio Fontana, the Spaniard Antonio Tapies, the Frenchman Jean Fautrier and the cosmopolitan Nicolas de Staël.

To draw any parallel between the *hautes patés* and the impasto of traditional oil painting is patently absurd. But only by doing so has it been possible to fiddle de Staël into this dubious company, and for that, although he is represented by only two paintings, we must be grateful.

The two de Staëls are *Les Indes galantes*, a large canvas dominated by a haunting, fleshy pink shape of vibrant colour, and a smaller and earlier painting in which brick-sized patches of low-toned colour are laid side by side with deceptive simplicity and a resultant subtlety that accentuates the crudity of many of the things around it.

Fontana, the father of Spazialismo, whose work I have previously discussed in these pages, is represented by three widely different canvases all called *Spatial concept*. Two of them are typical, with holes stabbed through the canvas and pieces of coloured glass or tinsel stuck to the paint surface.

The third appears to be the result of submitting a painted surface to a fierce heat until it has become blistered and cracked. It belongs rather to the category of *objets* (or *effets*) *trouvés* than to painting, even "matter painting."

The only Fautrier here is a piece of modified action painting, *Bluer than blue*, in which this hotelier-cum-ski instructor turned painter seems to be remembering the patterns of ski trails (represented by blue streaks) zig-zagging over a mountain top (a dollop of plaster).

As in the de Staëls, there is still in this picture an element of traditional painterliness that separates it from the built-up reliefs of Dubuffet and Bogart and, incidentally, from the work of Tapies who, like Dubuffet during one of his many phases, is obsessed with the imitation of earth and rock surfaces.

When Tapies calls a painting *Colour of sandstone*, it is more than that. It *is* sandstone. But is it painting?

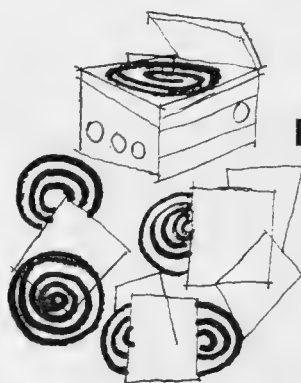
Somewhere between *Les Indes galantes* or *Bluer than blue* and *Colour of sandstone* or *Les temps fabuleux* there lies, it seems to me, the extreme borderline of the art we call Painting. There may be art beyond that borderline, but it is not

Painting. No doubt the ingenious Mr. Alloway can think of a new name for it.

To visit the Beaux Arts at the moment is to experience what journalists call "an intrusion into private grief," for Heinz Koppel is an artist who wears his soul on his canvases. This is not only apparent in the touching inscriptions on his Picassoesque portrait of a child, Sari Esther Koppel, born 1958 London, died 1959 Austria, and in a corner of a landscape

called *Rainbow*, Sari's grave.

The agony of suffering burns in the smouldering eyes and the yellow-hot bellies of his distorted nudes. And pity or bitterness cry out from most of his other pictures. Although he came to this country when he was only 16 his disturbing art is still unmistakably German, having its roots (and most of its trunk) in the Expressionist movement and revealing echoes, if not influences, of George Gross and Otto Müller.



RECORDS

Gerald Lascelles

The middle-of-the-roads

NOT WISHING TO TAKE A LEAF OUT of colleague Gordon Wilkins's book, I must qualify my opening with a few words about this mainstream jazz which, like the worst motorists and the best musicians, likes to steer its happy way down the middle of the road. The "mainstream" tag arose at a stage when the performers found themselves cleft apart, with no apparent choice but to follow the traditional path trodden by their elders, or to desert in total favour of the modernists' extremely outspoken and unconventional line.

All this took place some 10 years ago, when many great soloists ran the risk of being submerged or ignored by the whims of passing fancy.

If you happened to be a connoisseur of French cooking you would find it highly annoying if your friends, by some quirk of fashion, would only accept Scandinavian or Italian dishes. Such was the plight of men like Buddy Tate and Emmett Berry, both former cornermen in the Basie groups of postwar years. When they visited Britain last year, with Buck Clayton's group, they showed us all just what they could do in terms of producing rhythmic jazz through the medium of a loosely knit ensemble. They lead their respective groups through some eminently suitable tracks on the two sides of *Beauty and the blues* (38SX1246), where I devoted special attention to the choice of rhythm sections.

My reference to the culinary art seems more apt when I mention Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis's *Cookbook* (32-104) as another example of superb mainstream jazz. Davis, a tenor player like Tate, worked

with Basie, faced oblivion, but blew himself back into the picture with jazz such as you can hear throughout this album. It is also notable for the presence of Shirley Scott, whom I class as the most nimble-fingered jazz organist apart from Basie himself.

The width of this arbitrary mainstream seems, by my standards, to be dictated by such records as *Groovin' with Golson* (32-105). The session is dominated by one of jazz's most modern and recent discoveries, a hard-blowing tenor player who grew up with the Gillespie band. With him is trombonist Curtis Fuller, and the versatile Ray Bryan is at the piano. The music is timeless, swinging and vital, which means that it is very good.

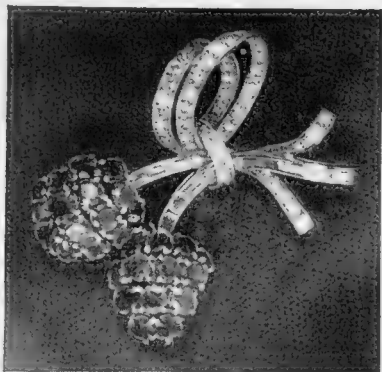
Duke Ellington is equally timeless, and can truthfully be said to have risen above the mundane categorization which the critic must adopt. The sequel to his album *Back to back* was not long in coming; it is called *Side by side* (CLP1374), and it features, apart from Duke's playing, the same limpid, penetrating alto from Johnny Hodges, some exciting trumpet sounds by Edison, and a switch to a different band where the more modern trumpeter Roy Eldridge joins with trombonist Lawrence Brown, one of the most recent men to rejoin the Ellington band.

Ben Webster is heard briefly on *Side by side*, and again in the strange company of Gerry Mulligan (CLP1373) on some subtle tracks which spread the great divide to the point where I can only safely claim that there is one jazz to listen to, and many others to be read about.

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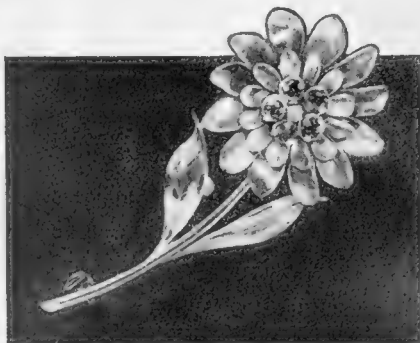
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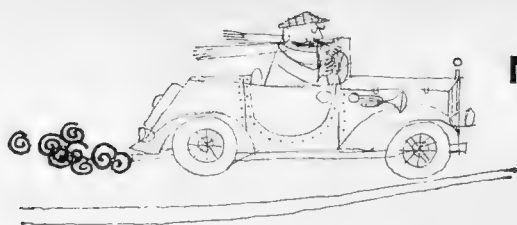
The score for getting the most fun out of autumn hair goes like this: **Bar one:** French of London's functional black brush set with flexible bristle or nylon (31s. 6d. for the nylon version, 6s. 6d. handbag size); a gold-plated pin bears a bow to spike the hair (18s. 6d. from Paris House). **Bar two:** *Color-Glo* hair colouring in four new shades to turn dark brown hair—Dark Brown Sherry, Brown Sherry, Ash Brown Sherry and Light Brown Sherry.

Properties are rain-proofing, resistance to coming off on clothes and conditioning of the hair to shining softness (each 3s. 10d. to last for 6-8 washes); two baubles to sparkle on winter nights, from Paris House, are rhinestones set symmetrically into an oval or arranged into a flower. Both on silver-plated fastenings (32s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.).

Bar three: favourite *Living Curl* makes its debut on October 16 specially for tinted and bleached hair. It conditions and helps prevent splitting ends (12s. 6d.); two gold-plated slides to anchor the swirled fronts on short hair, one oval, the other lengthy (they both cost 27s. 6d.). **Bar four:** Twenties feeling with a gold-kid band to circle short hair on an elasticized back. Midas touch for 52s. 6d. (Last three from Paris House, South Molton Street, W.1.)

*Elizabeth
Williamson*





MOTORING

Gordon
Wilkins

With two cars across Europe

IT WAS ONE OF THOSE PROGRAMMES which look impossible, but it had to be done in a week or abandoned altogether. Drive a 3.8 Jaguar through France, Belgium and Holland to Stuttgart. Leave it there and pick up a Mercedes 220S, going down through Bavaria, stopping off one day at Oberammergau to see the Passion Play and another to look at castles and baroque churches (in lieu of a summer holiday) before driving down through Austria and Switzerland to Turin. Try some of the new Italian cars being prepared for the Turin Show in November, check the performance of the Mercedes, take it back to Stuttgart and return to England in the Jaguar. It was more

than 2,500 miles and it was raining most of the time, but we made it.

The blight of traffic congestion, a permanent feature of life in England, is now descending on some parts of the Continent, despite the valiant efforts of the roadbuilders. On the roads round the Italian lakes traffic is reduced to a miserable 25 m.p.h. crawl behind great diesel trucks belching their black smoke. If one escapes, it is often to be held up at level crossings by the same train which defies all efforts to out-distance it. Big detours are now necessary to avoid black spots like the St. Gotthard and the Chiasso frontier post.

Perhaps the most surprising experience was to find that Switzer-

land is at least as badly off as we are in the lack of all-night filling stations. I drove 50 miles into Zurich in the middle of the night, anxiously watching a gauge needle that was twitching around the zero mark. After 20 minutes in Zurich I had found no petrol, so awoke the duty officer in a police station and eventually he found the one fuel station in the city that was open.

The comparison between the two cars was most interesting, especially in view of the close competition between them on international markets. The Jaguar, with its colossal power and tremendous acceleration, makes almost anything else feel slightly anaemic by comparison. It surges up to 100 in a little over 20 seconds, and maintains it on quite a light throttle opening. Care is needed in using all this power on wet roads, but the handling, steering and roadholding are a pleasant surprise.

Steering is very light and though low-g geared, doesn't seem to call for a lot of wheel twirling until one has to park, when the lightness fully compensates for the extra turns.

In some respects the rounded shape has disadvantages. Luggage which filled the Jaguar's trunk and overflowed on to the back seat just disappeared into the great pit of a trunk on the Mercedes. There is little provision for protection of passengers in an accident and nothing to hold on to when cornering fast. The seats are soft, but give much less than ideal support for

long hours at the wheel. There is progressive understeer, so that the car has to be held into curves with increasing effort when travelling quickly. The servo-assisted disc brakes are of course marvellous and give the driver immense confidence.

The Mercedes is planned in up-to-the-minute style for long, fast journeys, with safety-padded steering wheel, padded fascia and recessed interior door handles. There are grab handles on doors and in the roof to steady the passengers when the driver is really trying. Instantly adjustable back-rests allow a full-length nap.

Finger pressure on the wheel will hold it to an inch on corners at any speed and it is quite light when parking. With only 2.2 litres of engine against 3.8, it cannot match the Jaguar's high-speed acceleration, but its excellent road holding and its indifference to rough roads help to offset the discrepancy.

It takes longer to reach 100 m.p.h. and by then it's nearly flat out, but there is a total absence of fuss or vibration. The brakes (drums, with servo assistance) are unbelievably tough. I deliberately abused them by coming fast down a long winding Alpine descent in top gear but they were as smooth and powerful as ever at the bottom.

Both cars were surprisingly economical with their fuel. The Mercedes did 22 m.p.g. when driven hard and the Jaguar did 20-22 m.p.g. if full use was made of over-drive; it once touched 24 m.p.g.



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COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

by ALBERT ADAIR

A CHINESE poet of the olden days wrote: *In Yen and Chao are many fair ladies, Beautiful women with faces like jade.* But why was it a compliment to liken their faces to jade? Because jade represented virtue; its brilliance symbolized purity; its hardness, intelligence; its sharpness, justice; its colour, loyalty; its interior flaws, sincerity; its iridescent brightness, Heaven; its ring, music; and its worth, truth.

What is this stone of so many virtues? Geologists divide it into nephrite from Chinese Turkestan and jadeite from Burma, but in practice there is little difference. It is harder than steel and appears in almost every colour except blue.

The Chinese worked jade centuries before the Christian era, and the dating of Chinese works of art in jade must generally be dependent on the designs. How jade was ground and cut cannot be answered satisfactorily in a few words, but flints and sharpened bamboo were used in the process, as well as sand and abrasives pastes.

Before the Han dynasty, that is earlier than 200 B.C., the carving of jade was confined to plaques and ornaments for wearing apparel. New designs were slow to appear and it was not until the Ming dynasty (1368-1644) that the fuller range of animals, mountains and fabulous beasts started to become common. Little is known about developments during the 17th-century reign of K'ang H'si—the great period of Chinese porcelain—and the supreme age of decorative jade was not till the reign of his grandson, Ch'ien Lung, from 1736 to 1795. By then the choice of subject was wide and free—gods and goddesses, the four mythical animals, birds, animals and mountains, on bowls, bottles and all manner of vessels.

The fine specimen of a vase shown here is in the collection of Mr. N. Hamilton-Smith of Sunningdale. The colour is sea-green and the body is carved with a T'ao T'ih dragon, ogre masks and cloud scrolls. The handles are open work with a dragon motif and the lid is carved



A green jade vase, once in the Imperial collection in the Summer Palace, Peking

in low relief with medallions. On the under side of the base is inscribed "Made in the Ch'ien Lung period in imitation of the antique."

This vase was formerly in the Imperial collection at the Summer

Palace in Peking, and then passed to Queen Marie of Yugoslavia. It is 13½ inches high and 6 inches wide, and is altogether as fine an example of jade workmanship as one could wish to see.

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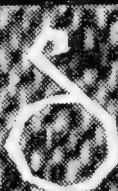
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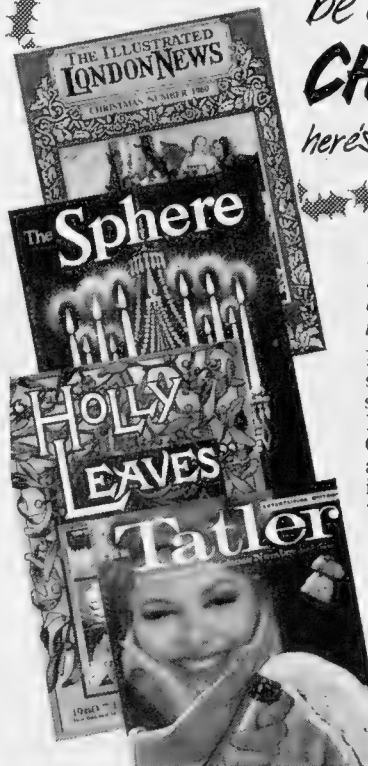
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